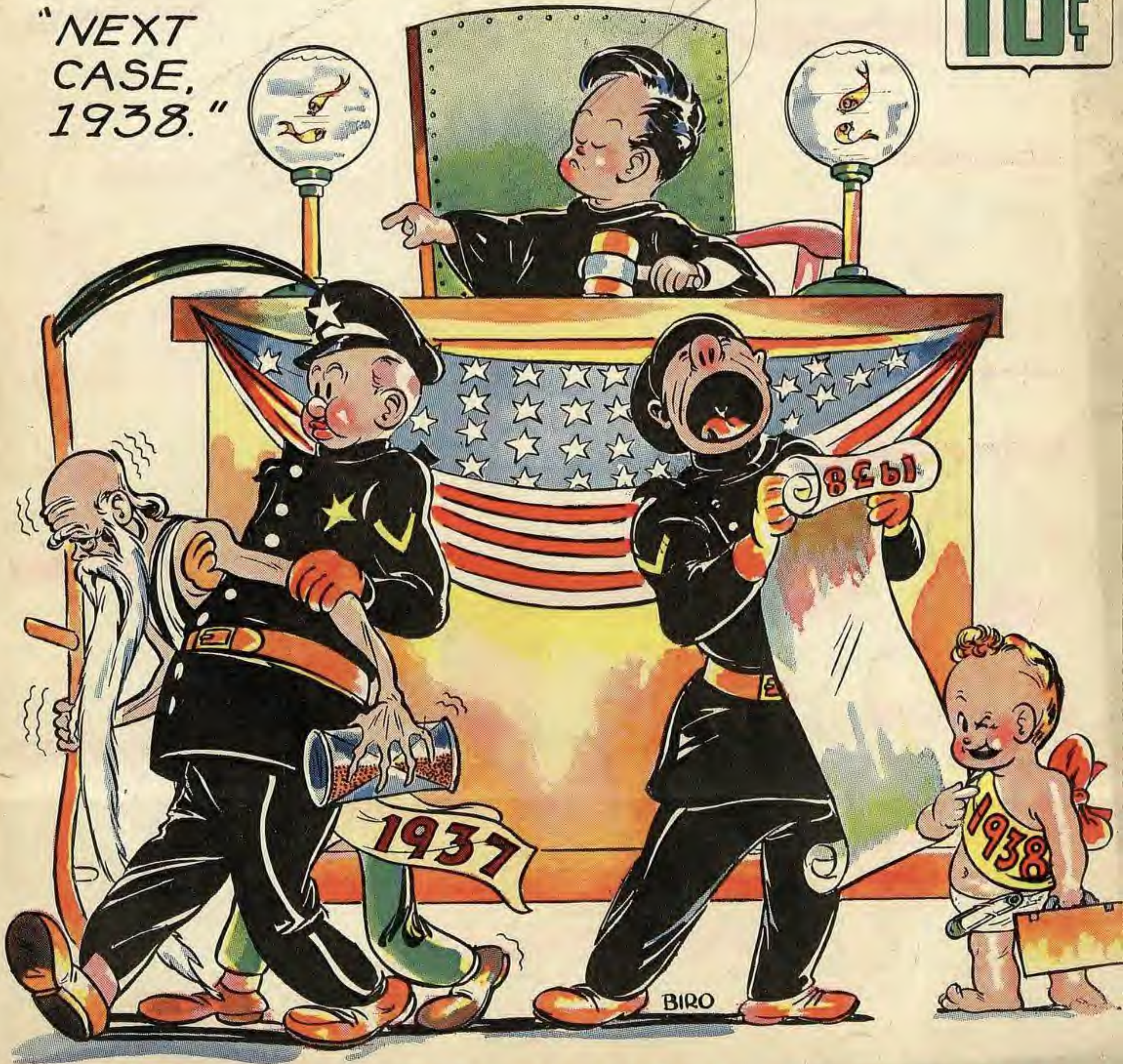


# ★ STAR ★ COMICS

**A RAPID VIEW OF FUN THAT'S NEW**

JAN  
1938  
10¢

"NEXT  
CASE,  
1938."



**LAUGHS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY**



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



## BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

**BROADCAST** your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—direct voice cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Vallee."

### World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Postpaid **25c**



**DELUXE MIKE**  
Large, substantial, all-metal microphone. Practise radio acting, broadcasing, etc. thru your own radio. Reproduces voice in loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model—can be held in hand. Guaranteed. Connected with 75c. Price **15c**

## Telegraph Set

A Private Electric Telegraph set for only 15c! Use it as a practice set or send messages to friends (including a n.d. receiving). Learn the code easily and quickly. An expert operator or key-sender. Magnets, etc. mounted on a wooden base. Complete with Western Union code book, 100 blank sheets, and a set of instructions (without battery). All for **15c**

## Blank Cartridge Pistol

Two of the latest, newest models now out—50c and 1.00. Patterned after the latest type of revolver. Shoots 22 caliber blank cartridges obtainable everywhere. Handy protection against burglars, tramps and dogs. Fine for 4th of July, New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc. etc.



### Looks Like A Real Revolver

Strongly constructed with a flashy nickel finish. Has dip barrel that allows the cartridges to be loaded in a second. Medium size. Large size. 1.00. Blank Cartridges 50c per 100. Holster (Cowboy Type), 50c. SHIPPED BY EXPRESS, NOT PREPAID.

## ALL WAVE WIDE WORLD RADIOS

Remarkable! Extraordinary! One tube battery set \$1.55. Two tube battery set \$2.00. Three tube battery set \$2.75. Electric two tube. Operates on 110 volt AC. Power sensitive kit \$3.00. Wired, ready to operate. \$3.75.

## MIDGET POCKET RADIO \$1.00

Listen to Music Programs and Sports Everywhere You Go—Loud Tone! Good reception with beautiful clear tone! The amazing midget pocket radio gives you all the entertainment of a radio wherever you are—in the country, in bed, at camp, office, etc. ANYWHERE! EVERYWHERE. Size of a cigarette pack, yet it operates perfectly. Beautiful clear tone. No tubes, no crystals to adjust. Just one moving dial to locate stations. New sensitive receiver and high efficiency speaker. Price Postpaid **\$1.00**. Earphone, 99c. Phone & Radio Set **\$1.79**.

## Pocket Telescope

Eagle-Eye Vision Six Power **25c**  
Big 3 draw 6 power. For only 25c! Swell for outdoor nature study, sports, looking at the moon. Converted into Solar telescope by using smoked glass in you can see sun spots, etc. 2 1/2 inch. Price 25c.

## Moving Picture Projector

A real Electric Movie Machine for only 35c! Shows bright clear pictures about 14 x 18 inches in size. Just insert the film, turn the crank and watch the pictures as long as you like! Uses 110 volt flashlight cells obtainable everywhere. Bright red enameled steel case, measuring 5x3x3 inches. Complete with film, ready to use. 18mm film. Price 35c. Film, 10c. The Cat, Wild West, Mutt & Jeff, etc. 15c EACH.

## CRYSTAL RADIO 25c

This is a radio in itself as it picks up a signal on its own with it alone within 25 miles of a station. Up to 100 miles under good conditions. All you need is a pair of ear phones. Completely assembled & wired with super-sensitive crystal and a crystal cup, arm with cat's whisker, etc. Reception guaranteed. **25c**

## Wireless Transmitter Broadcasting Set

First again! With the low-priced crystal radio, then the All Wave World Radio, then the Dollar Pocket Radio, and NOW a genuine RADIO TRANSMITTER that sends out messages by wireless, for only \$1.00, plus 10c postage. Note these sensational features:  
\* Can be picked up on a suitable Radio Receiver  
\* Not a Mike, but a complete Broadcasting Set  
\* Complete with Key, in Kit Form  
\* Plugs in to any AC-DC circuit  
\* Uses 2 oscillating tubes  
Complete Transmitter, \$1.00 plus 10c post. Tubes (uses 2) Each 50c

## Wonderful X-Ray 10c

GREAT CURIOSITY! With it you can apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil, even the flesh and bones transparent. Always ready for use. Only 10c p.p.d.

## Sex Indicator

Fascinating discovery that is used some to tell a lady's virginity, etc. Price 10c. A handy little test. Price 10c.

## ALL-METAL MODEL AIRPLANE

The most sensational flying model! A low priced, real flying model, made entirely of light-weight metal. Aluminum and duraluminum construction thru-out. Will fly right from the start and stand up to the very best. Complete down in the last detail in building, including struts, dummy engine block, adjustable tail assembly, etc. Wingspan 15" Flyin' Fool Metal Kit. Price Postpaid **35c**

**Quartermaster - Navy - CCC - Marine - Army - Aviation**  
Handsomely embossed emblem rings made to resemble rings worn by men in U.S. Government service. Jumbo size, accurate detail, with heavy machine engraved American Eagle. State Size and ring desired. **SILVER APPEARANCE** 25c. Sterling Silver \$1.00. 14 kt. Gold Plated \$1.75.



**Miner Sportster**  
Popular flying model. Over 100,000 sold. Accurate model of real plane. Complete kit. 15" wingspan. Model is a well built, graceful flyer. Long, high, graceful flyer. Price Only **12c**

**Stinson Reliant FLYING MODEL AIRPLANE KITS**  
Jumbo 24" wingspan. Amazing copy of the real plane. Flies like an eagle. Takes the bumps. Our latest plane. Complete Kit. Price Only **25c**

**Hawker Fighter**  
Copy of England's famous fighters—the fastest in the world. Flies with amazing grace. 24" wingspan. Complete. Price Only **25c**

**High Climber, o.g.**  
Standard contest endurance model. Flies continuously for 3 to 4 minutes. Climbs high. Easy to build and complete. 15" wingspan. Complete. Price Only **25c**

## FUN LICENSES 10c

Printed with seal, suitable for framing. Hand one of it to your friend and he will never forget you! Our choice: Driver's License, Birth Certificate, Marriage Certificate, Gold Mine Stock Certificate, Pilot's License, Bachelor's Diploma, etc. Price 10c each license. Any 3 for 25c.

## Cowboy Lasso

Specialty made for performing trick spins and stunts. Lasso animals do difficult rope tricks. Etc. Honda that spins rope to perform stunts, and swivel joints twisting. Price Complete **35c**

## RO-LO LASSO

Perfect rope tricks without rope! Weaving Rings, Corkscrews, Curly, etc. Shipping Thru Loop. Price Only **12c**

## THRIFT VAULT

A 3 inch safe lock and Vault Bank. Just dial the three numbers and open the vault. Just 15c. Safe. Big and roomy—it measures about 4x3 in. Swell to keep your money, jewelry, etc. in. Constructed of heavy metal with red and black trimmings. Full instructions with each bank. **VAULT BANK** only 50c postpaid.

## WHOOPEE CUSHION

Whoopee Cushion is made of rubber, inflated like a balloon and then placed on a chair, couch, seat, etc. When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion it gives forth noises that can be better described than described. Price **25c**

## INSERT A COIN AND OUT COMES A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE BAR

**Thrifty Bank and Slot Machine**  
FREE! This sensational new-type bank is yours—yours to have and to hold—without any cost. Just think of having this handy bank around and, as a penny, nickel or dime is dropped in—out comes a chocolate bar, all wrapped up! Leave the bank around the house and you'll find that it fills up with money while you're gone.  
**HOW TO GET YOUR BANK FREE!**  
This slot-machine bank cannot be bought. There is just one way to get it—send \$1.00 for 70 chocolate bars and we will include the bank free! Made of sheet metal with regular locked door so you can open, remove money and refill with chocolate. On the front is a slot to drop coin in, and a glass window showing bars. Red, yellow and green. Send a dollar bill (\$1.00) for the 70 bars and get the bank FREE. EXTRA! If you hurry, we'll add, without cost, our big 1938 600-page novelty catalog, 3500 illustrations.

## JOY BUZZER 28c

Franklin's joy buzzer is a finger ring, but concealed in palm left. **JOY BUZZER**, a trickster contains a clockwork mechanism that is wound up. Whenever it is touched, the mechanism is released giving the victim a shock. Every time you shake hands, your friend will get a violent shock. Touch them on the back, their arm. They will feel the ceiling if they sit on it. Under a sheet, it feels like a mouse. Use it as a tic-tac-toe on window. Hundreds of uses—ONLY **28c**

## COMPLETE CAMERA OUTFIT

Although this outfit is remarkably cheap, it is quite efficient and will take splendid pictures. Taken pictures 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, sharp and distinct. Good lens. View finder a simple yet effective shutter time 1/100 to 1/500. Complete with 4 films. Inoculation of miniature camera, printing frame with glass top and a supply of chemicals for developing, fixing and printing. The finished picture full printed instructions on a plain sheet, that a child cannot fail to understand. Camera and complete outfit for only 35c with 10c extra for postage and packing. Extra film 10c per package of five films. Extra printing 10c per print. Price **35c**

## BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friend. The **VENTRILO** a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of which come the voices of Bird Calls, etc. Never fails. A 64 page course on Ventriloquism together with the Ventrilo for All for only 10c postpaid.

## Rolmonica Automatic Mouth Organ

Extra 15c. An automatic harmonica that plays a music roll, just like a player piano. A whole brass band all in one—the Rolmonica. In the musical world in the last few years, just insert a roll and turn the handle while you blow. Nothing could be simpler. All kinds of melodies. There are hundreds of rolls to select from: My Blue Heaven, Side Walks of New York, Yankee Doodle, Over the Hills and Far Away, etc. etc. etc. Rolmonica with 1 roll. **\$1.10**

## HOW TO TAP DANCE

Want to tap dance? Tap dance is ONLY a RHYTHM—a new simplified course in Tap dancing. The special ability needed. The smart! Everybody's tapping. Tap dance is a science, a tapping. Beat out a tune with your feet. **310 Illustrations**  
Hastings Love it. Friends adore it. Be a tap dancer. Tap dance is only a RHYTHM—a new simplified course in Tap dancing. The special ability needed. The smart! Everybody's tapping. Tap dance is a science, a tapping. Beat out a tune with your feet. **310 Illustrations**

## ELECTRIC MOTOR 15c

An Electric motor for 100c. Sound almost unbelievable but it is perfectly true. We send all the parts packed in a neat box, with full instructions for assembling. No trouble at all putting it together—it's FUN. Takes but a few minutes. And ON ANY sort of speed. Runs on a No. 6 or similar dry battery. Educational novelty. Interesting. Price postpaid **15c**

## LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE

wishes and commands against their will! This amazing book teaches you the secrets of hypnotism and clearly explains how to employ them. Make others do your things, say things they don't mean, and help you be the master of every situation. Complete Book **25c**

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR GOODS ON THIS PAGE TO **JOHNSON SMITH & CO., DEPT. 8U1, DETROIT, MICH.**

# 1938 CATALOG-600 PAGES OF UNUSUAL NOVELTIES

Send 10c for 600 page paper covered edition, or 25c for complete DELUXE cloth bound library edition

The most unusual catalog you have ever seen. Thousands of useful gadgets, time savers, novelties, joke articles, puzzles, magic tricks, seeds, books, radios, make up goods, cameras, jewelry live animals, airplane & boat kits, tobacco, 15c telegraph set, water wings, live chameleons & alligators, luminous paint, good luck novelties, \$1.50 adding machine, 25c radio, \$1.00 radio transmitter, 25c mike, 26c electric train, 10c airplane kits, sweater emblems, freak seed plants, telescopes, 39c field glass, experimental kits, 10c books, movie machines, inkless fountain pen, slide rule, pipes, exploding novelties, wings, master keys, brass knuckles, all wave radio, college diplomas and marriage licenses, dance & jujitsu books, gold writing pencil, etc., etc.

**FOUR COLOR COVER 1 1/2 INCHES THICK 3,500 ILLUSTRATIONS, 5000 NOVELTIES**

Bigger and better than ever—things you never thought existed—articles you have always wanted!



# Jest for fun

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

## FROM START TO FINISH

In Scotland on New Year's Eve it is the custom to call on friends and neighbors directly after the last stroke of twelve, for they say that the one stepping first over the door sill of a friend's house will be favored by fortune for the rest of the year. This custom of the Scotch people gives us a happy comparison to our own state of mind as this time draws nigh.

At the stroke of twelve the men and women of Scotland swarm the streets near their homes. They are all supremely happy and well into the spirit of the occasion. And their arms are laden with spices and cakes, gifts and other tokens of esteem and friendship, for the custom decrees that in order to bring a prosperous and plentiful year to the host, the guest must not enter empty handed.

We want to wish you the happiest New Year possible, so we're following the Scotch method. We're going to try to be the first over your door sill in this coming year. We'll even go further in our plans and hope to be the **LAST ONE GOING OVER IT** on the way out, as the year in question draws to a close.

And for our gifts, we'll bring with us a magazine packed with the kind of fun and happiness, excitement and entertainment that will turn every idle moment into a joy and will drive out loneliness forever.

STAR COMICS could not be more appropriate for such a time. It was built for your pleasure and has succeeded each ensuing month in growing more spontaneous in humor and more thrilling in story content. It will ring joyously in with the New Year and will clamor hilariously and excitingly right through the months, to be well remembered long after the year has drawn its final breath.

And with its bright companions, STAR RANGER, FUNNY PAGES and FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, it will GUARANTEE not only a HAPPY NEW YEAR, but a happy ANY year, FROM START TO FINISH.





# STAR COMICS

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

George Nagle, Managing Editor

No. 9

JANUARY, 1938

10c

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### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Star Comics, published monthly, at Mount Morris, Ill., for October 1, 1937, State of Illinois.  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank Z. Temerson, who, having been duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Star Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Ultem Publications, Inc., 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Editor, Harry A. Chesler, 276 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, George Nagle, 276 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; I. W. Ullman, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; C. & A. Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1937.

FRANK Z. TEMERSON,  
Business Manager.

IRVING BOBER,  
Notary Public, N. Y. C.

Bronx Co. No. 284, Reg. No. 277-B-39  
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 1355, Reg. No. 9-B-816

(Seal)

My commission expires March 30, 1939.

*all Star Comics*

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The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited drawings or manuscripts, but will exercise due care in handling same. Drawings and manuscripts, to receive consideration, must be accompanied by postage sufficient to insure their return to owner BEFORE SUBMITTING DRAWINGS OR MANUSCRIPTS WRITE FOR INSTRUCTIONS. This magazine printed in U. S. A. and entire contents COPYRIGHTED, 1937 by ULTEM PUBLICATIONS, INC. All rights reserved.



# BELLY-LAUGHS

I HELPED PUT UP  
THAT BUILDING -

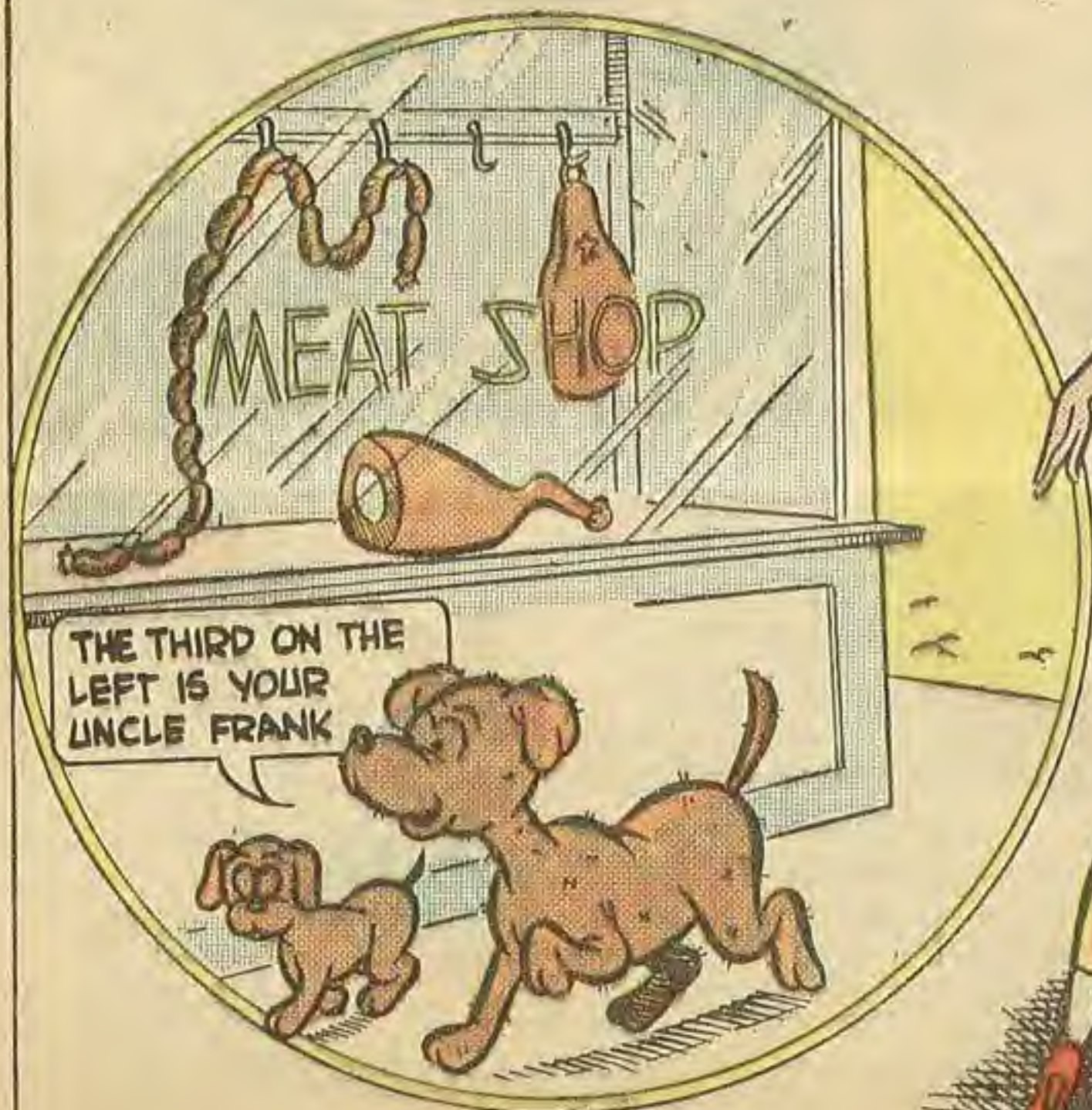


SHIPWRECK RILEY  
WAITS HIS TURN

- GILL FOX -

HAVE YOU BEEN  
THROUGH MY POK-  
ETS ALREADY!!

TWO DOLLARS PLEASE



THE THIRD ON THE  
LEFT IS YOUR  
UNCLE FRANK



MARRIAGE  
BUREAU  
HOURS...  
9-12 AND  
1-4 O'CLOCK

MARRIAGE  
LICENSE  
\$2.00



# Shinanimas

"KERNAL HIPPO"  
PLAYS "SANTA"  
AT THE  
NEW YEAR GIFT PARTY

THIS IS THE FIRST  
NEW YEAR I EVER  
SAW SANTA WITHOUT  
A RED NOSE!



I'M GLAD SANTA  
BROUGHT BILLY  
GOAT A BOTTLE  
OF PERFUME!



I GOT A WHOLE  
TRUNK FULL  
OF PRESENTS!



I DIDN'T GET ANYTHING!  
I'M W-I-L-D!



YEAH, MISS HIPPO  
GOT AN AUTOMOBILE  
IN HER STOCKING!



OH YEAH!  
WHY PICK  
ON ME?



HA! TH' DUCKS  
GOT A PAIR  
OF WATER  
WINGS!



SANTA MISTOOK  
ME FOR A  
STOCKING! I GOT  
MORE THAN MY  
SHARE.

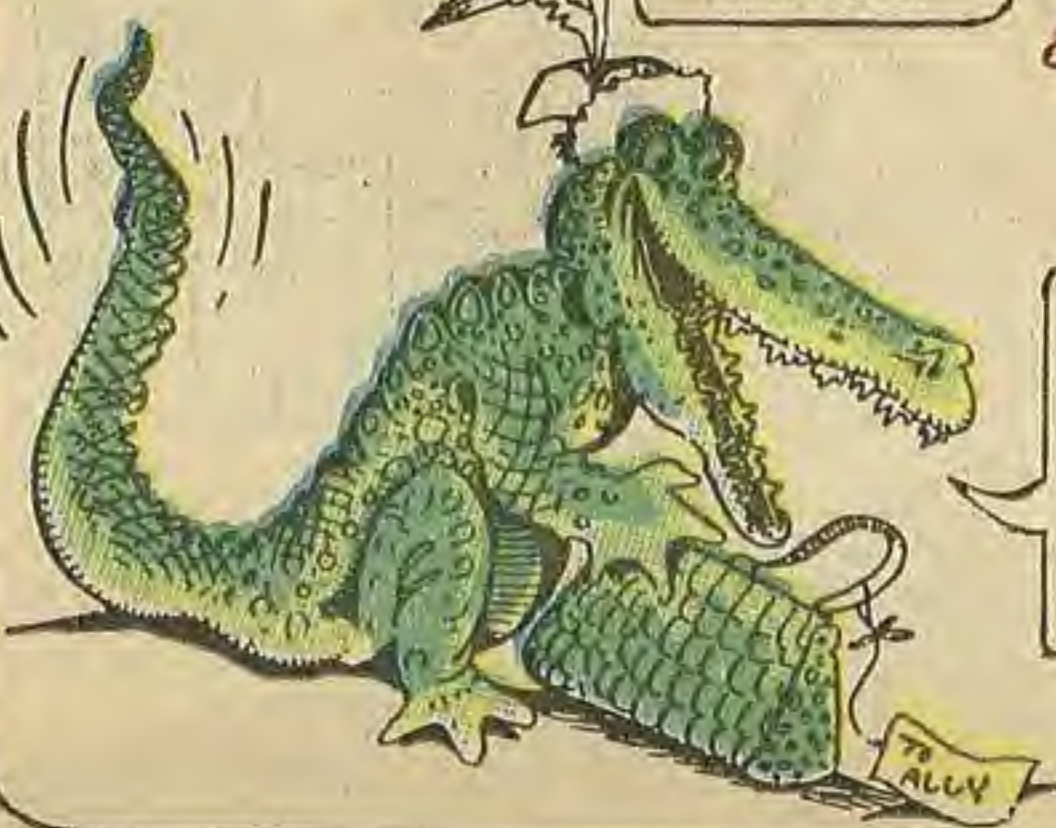


HE BROUGHT  
ME A HANDBAG  
MADE OUT OF  
MY MOTHER-  
IN-LAW

AW! LOOK  
WHAT HE  
BROUGHT  
ME!



SO WHAT!





# Do You Know?

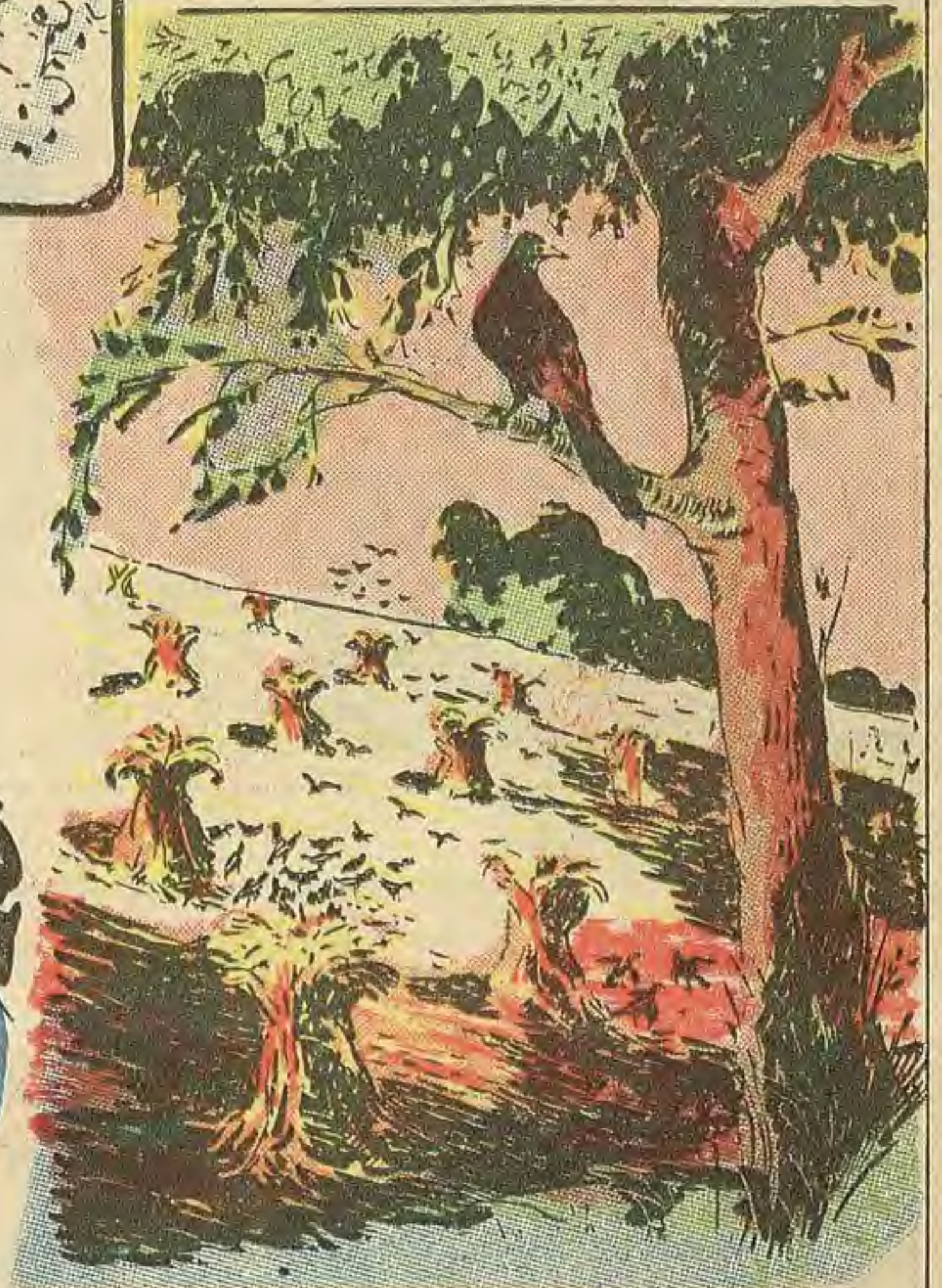
## WHERE COTTON ORIGINATED



## COTTON

THIS PLANT, THE FIBRE OF WHICH IS OF SUCH INCALCULABLE BENEFIT TO MANKIND, IS GROWN IN NEARLY EVERY PART OF THE WORLD. THE EGYPTIANS CULTIVATED IT, AS DID THE INCAS, AZTECS, AND MANY OF THE ISOLATED PACIFIC ISLANDERS. EACH GROUP SEEMS TO HAVE OBTAINED COTTON INDEPENDENTLY. IT'S ORIGIN IS UNKNOWN.

## CROWS APPOINT SENTINELS



THIS IS A BAD HABIT  
MANY SERIOUS DEFECTS  
MAY RESULT FROM A  
CHILD SUCKING HIS THUMB. WHY  
SO MANY BABIES ADOPT THIS  
METHOD OF  
PASSING THE  
TIME AWAY  
HAS BEEN A  
MYSTERY TO  
SCIENCE UP  
TO THIS VERY  
DAY.



THESE BIRDS, WHEN GATHERED IN FLOCKS, APPOINT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER TO STAND GUARD OVER THE OTHERS. THESE SENTINELS DO NOT MATE. THEY SPEND THEIR ENTIRE LIVES PROTECTING THE FLOCK BY GIVING WARNING OF APPROACHING DANGERS. THEY ARE APPOINTED TO THIS POST OF LOOKOUT BY THE COMPANIONS, BUT HOW THEY ARE CHOSEN REMAINS A MYSTERY.



# Salute TO A DOCTOR

**T**HE MOST IMPORTANT MAN WE KNOW -  
THE ONE WHO CURES OUR ILLS ;  
HE CAUSES ALL OUR PAIN TO GO  
BY USING LITTLE PILLS.



**H**E'S THERE WITH OUR FIRST BREATH OF LIFE,  
AND GREET'S US WITH A SMILE ; -  
HE'S THERE WHEN WE LEAVE STORM AND STRIFE,  
AND HEAD FOR THAT LAST MILE.



**I**T MATTERS NOT HOW WINDS MAY BLOW, -  
NOR HOW HARD FALLS THE RAIN, -  
HE COMES AND SPREADS A RADIANT GLOW,  
AND HELPS TO EASE OUR PAIN !





# SPORT GRAM

## THE BASE STEALERS' NEMESIS

BILL  
**DICKEY**  
YANKEE CATCHER

**I**N SPITE OF HIS BATTING SLUMP IN THE EARLY PART OF LAST SEASON BILL PROVED THAT HE WAS A VERY VALUABLE PLAYER TO THE YANKS. HIS KNACK FOR PICKING THE PLAYERS OFF AS THEY TRY TO STEAL BASES HAS PLACED HIM FORMOST AMONG THE CATCHERS OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

DICKEY HANDLES PITCHERS WELL BUT HIS ABILITY HAS BEEN UNDERESTIMATED BY THE PUBLIC.

BILL STUDIES THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BASE STEALERS ON THE OPPOSING TEAMS AND THIS - COMBINED WITH A SIZZLING LINER TO SECOND OR THIRD - HAS PUT MANY A WOULD-BE BASE STEALER OUT BY AS MUCH AS FIVE FEET!!



# JINGLE

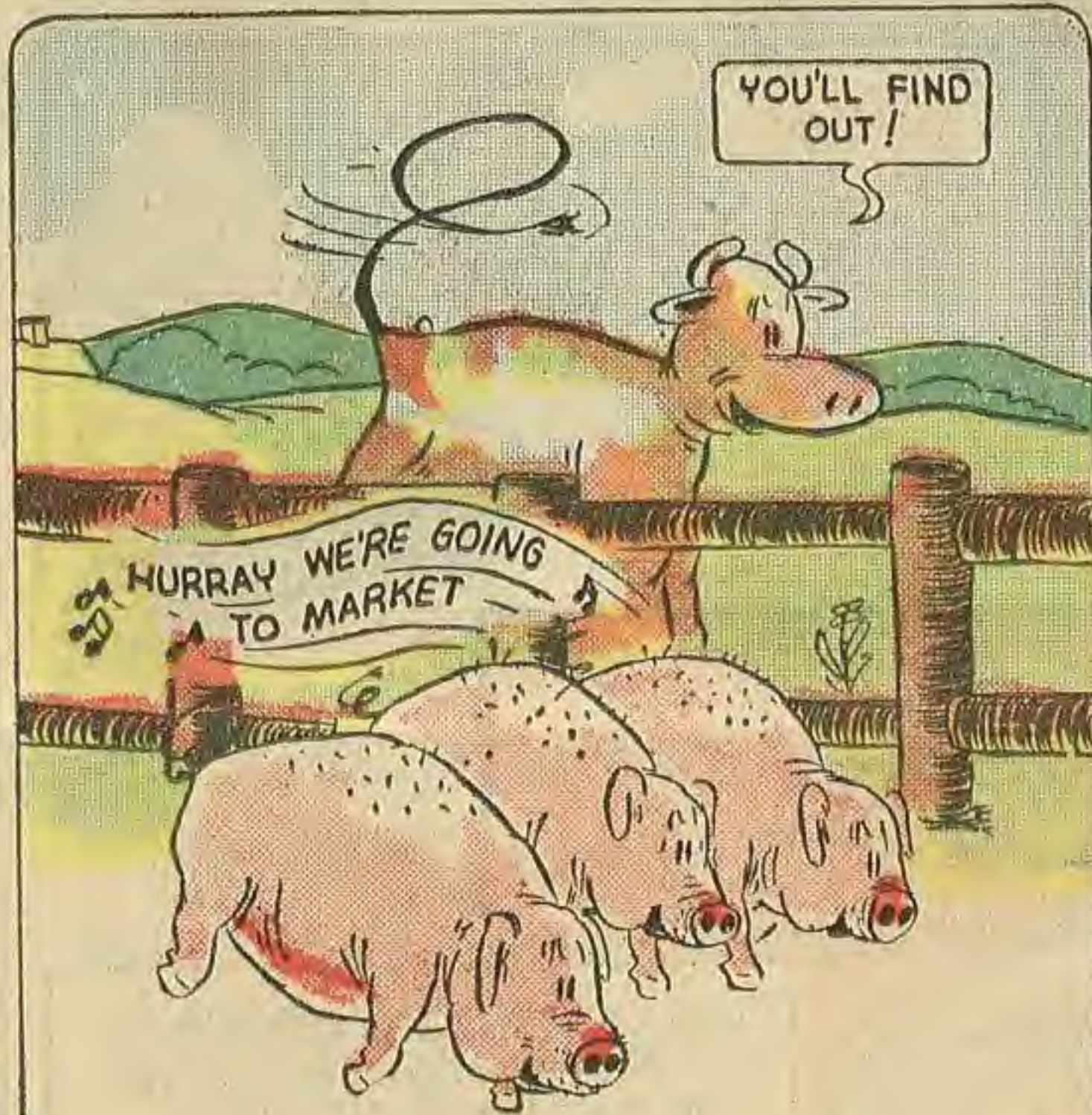
# JINGLE



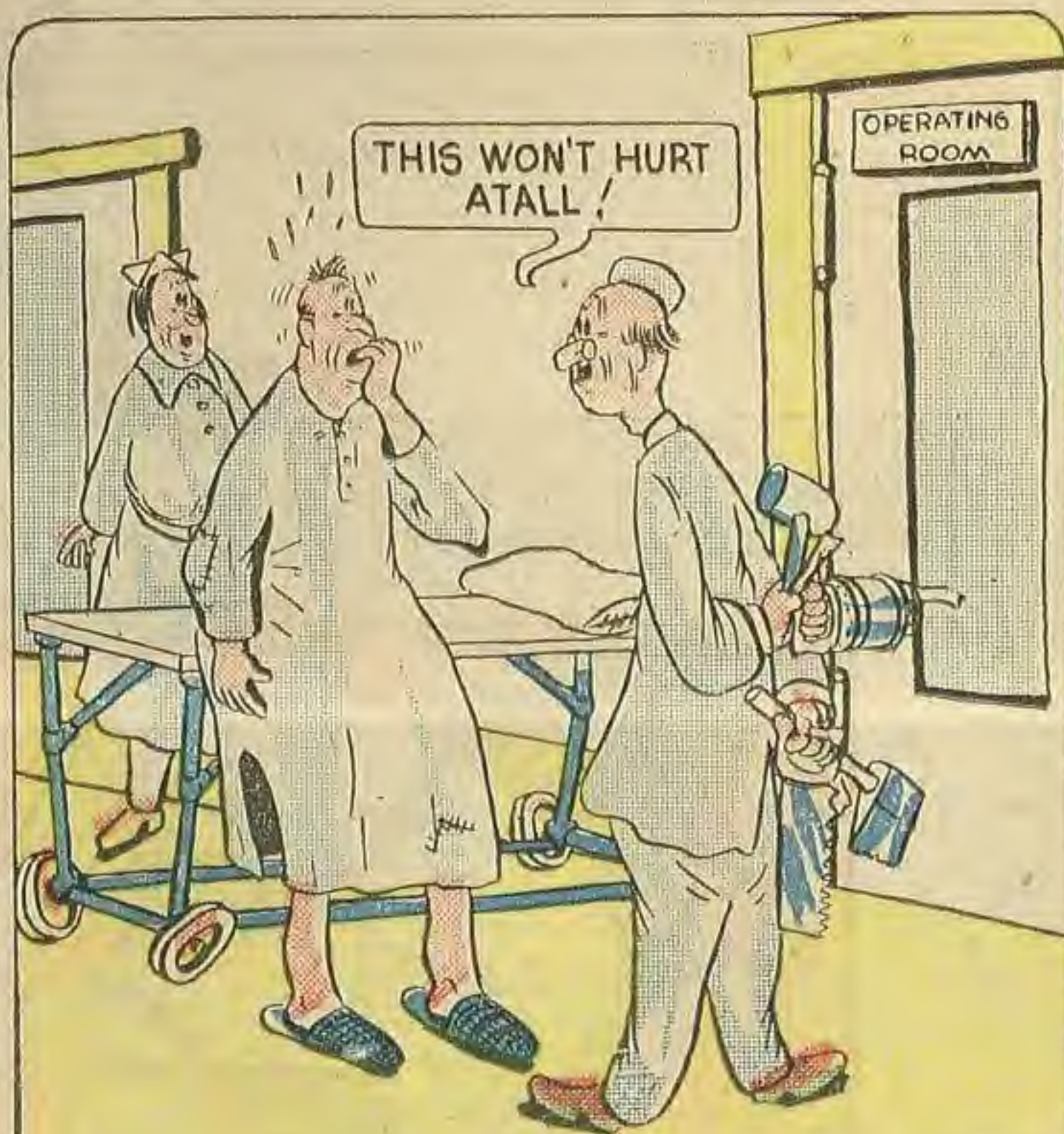
"OH, SAVE ME SIR, FOR I CAN'T SWIM," THE MAN OUT LOUDLY CRIED  
"IT'S TOO LATE NOW TO LEARN, I GUESS," THE OTHER MAN REPLIED.



"I'D LIKE TO STUDY STARS, MY DEAR," THE MAN SAID TO HIS WIFE.  
SHE HIT HIM AND HE NEVER SAW MORE STARS IN ALL HIS LIFE.



THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET, LOUDLY SHOUTING WITH GLEE.  
IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS COMING, HOW UNHAPPY THEY'D BE.



"HOW DO YOU FEEL," THE DOCTOR SAID  
THE PATIENT SAID, "OKAY"  
"WELL, WAIT 'TILL I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL FEEL THE OTHER WAY."



# So this is **HOLLYWOOD!**

## NORMA SHEARER...

WINNER OF THE MOTION PICTURE AWARD IN 1930 IS SAID TO BE THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAN WHO ORIGINATED THE GAME OF HOCKEY....



THE CAPE USED BY JOAN WOODBURY IN THE "TOREADOR" DANCE SHE DID IN THE PICTURE "THERE GOES MY GIRL", WEIGHED 15 POUNDS AND HAD AN 80 POUND PULL WHEN SHE SWUNG IT!!

THE MOVIES CAN GUARANTEE ME A KNOCKOUT PER FIGHT AND YOU CAN'T!



WAYNE MORRIS TURNED DOWN AN OFFER OF \$25,000 A YEAR TO FIGHT PROFESSIONALLY...

### FOTO FACTS...

VIRGINIA BRUCE USED NO MAKEUP IN "GENERAL HOSPITAL".....  
ONE OF THE DRESSES WORN BY GAIL PATRICK IN "ARTISTS AND MODELS" WAS WOVEN WITH 14 CARAT GOLD THREAD....

Gill Fox



# Riggin Bill

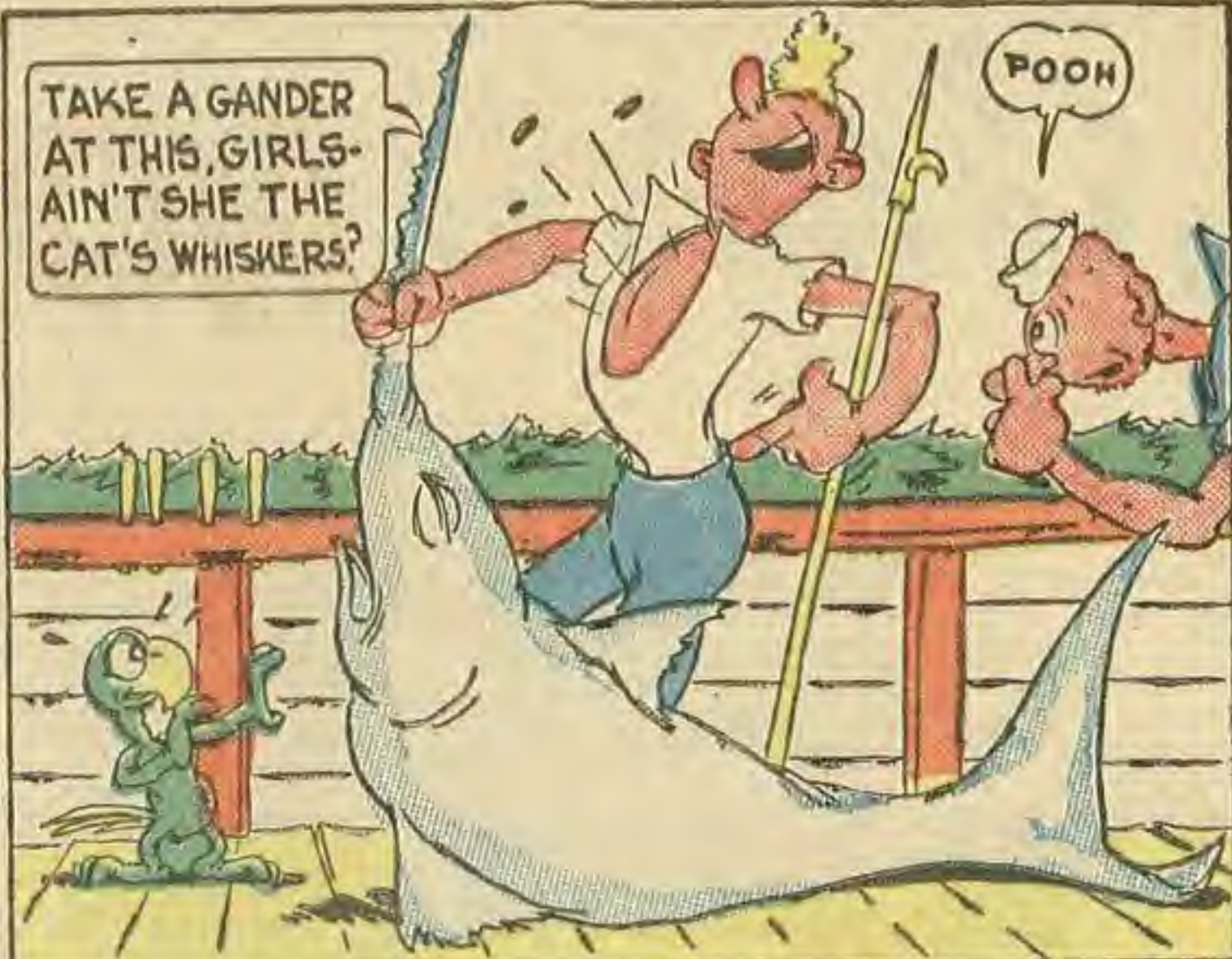
## THAT LYIN' SAILOR MAN

LIMBER UP  
YOUR SAW-BONE,  
MATE - WE'RE  
GITTIN' OUTA HERE!



TAKE A GANDER  
AT THIS, GIRLS -  
AIN'T SHE THE  
CAT'S WHISKERS?

POOH



"TO SPEAK A FOREIGN TONGUE OR TWO  
IS SOME FOLKS FONDEST WISH,  
BUT AS FOR ME, I'M GLAD I LEARNED  
THE LANGUAGE OF THE FISH."

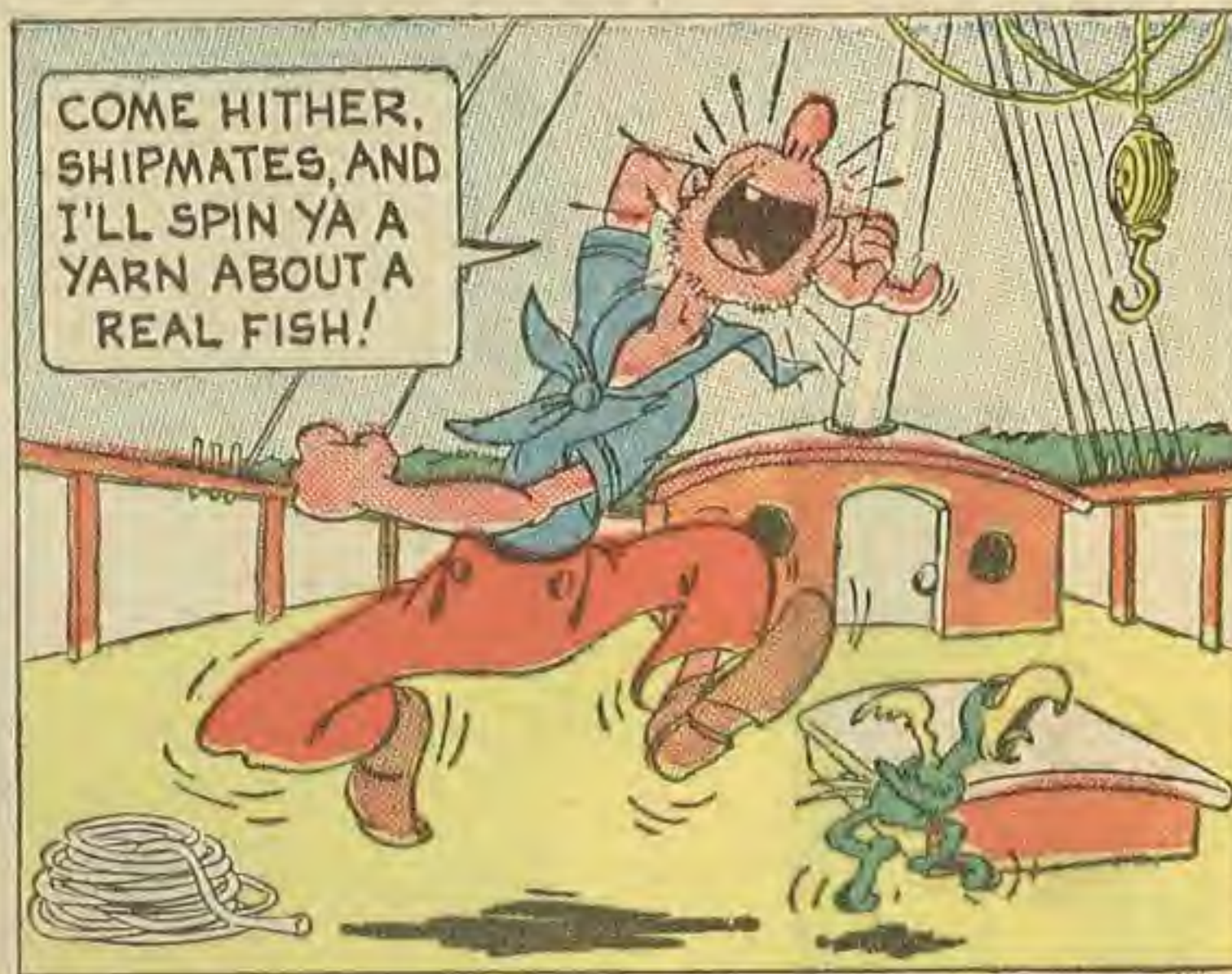
YA OUGHTA BE  
ASHAMED REELING  
IN A POLLY WOG  
LIKE THIS!

YES 'IR



T' WAS RIGGIN BILL WHO SPOKE THIS WAY -  
YOU KNOW THE LYIN' CUSS.  
THE CREW ALL SAID "IF YOU TALK FISH.  
TALK SOME OF IT TO US."

COME HITHER,  
SHIPMATES, AND  
I'LL SPIN YA A  
YARN ABOUT A  
REAL FISH!



SAID RIGGIN BILL, "I'VE SAILED AND SAILED  
IN EVERY KIND OF SEA,  
I KNOW MOST EVERY FISH THAT SWIMS  
AND ALL THE FISH KNOW ME."

WELL, IT WUZ LIKE THIS -  
ONE DAY WHILE I WUZ ON  
THE S.S. SINKER -

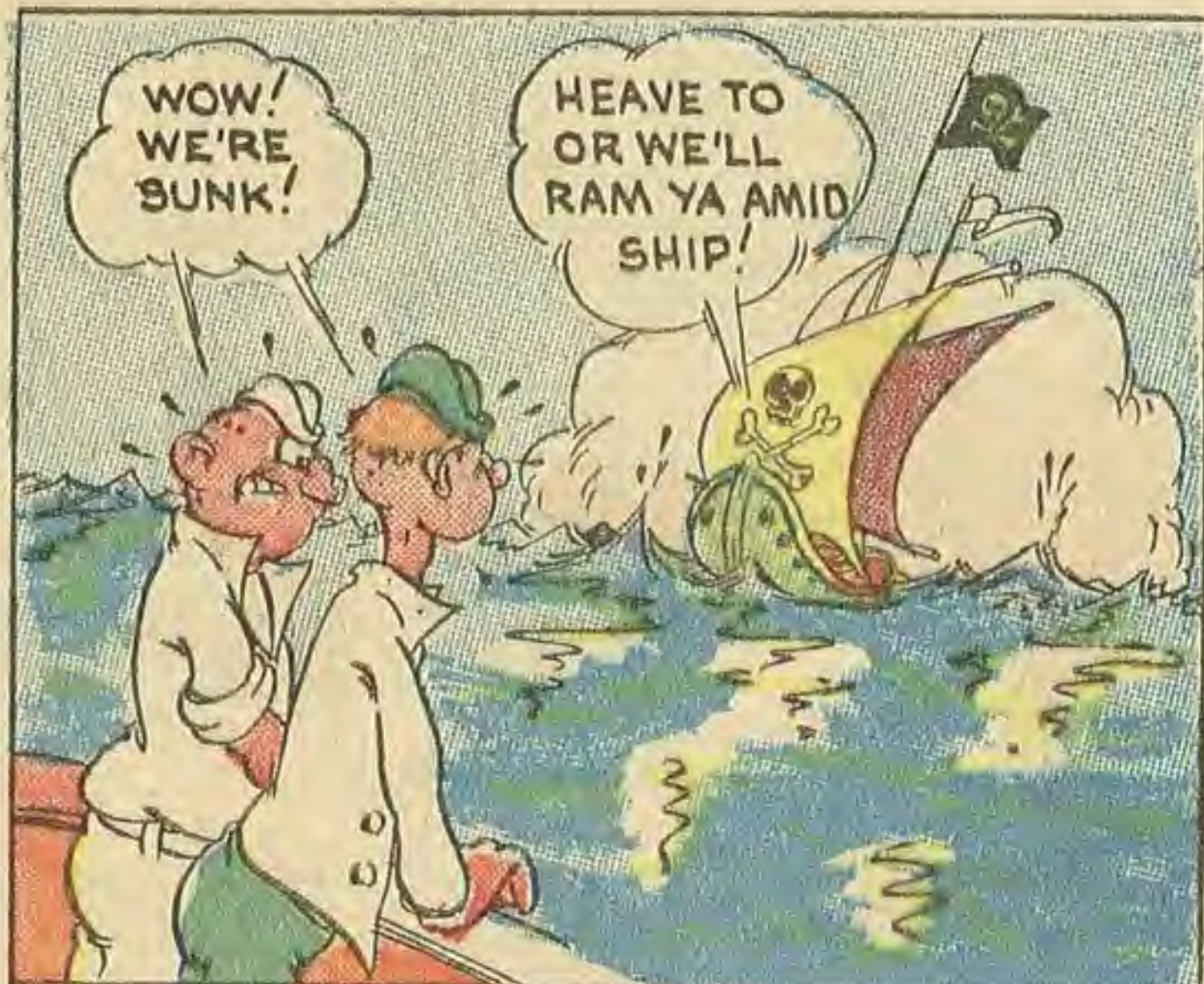


"RIGHT OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN ONE DAY  
I MET A PAL OF MINE,  
A SWORDFISH I HAD KNOWN FOR YEARS,  
HIS TEETH CUT NEAT AND FINE."

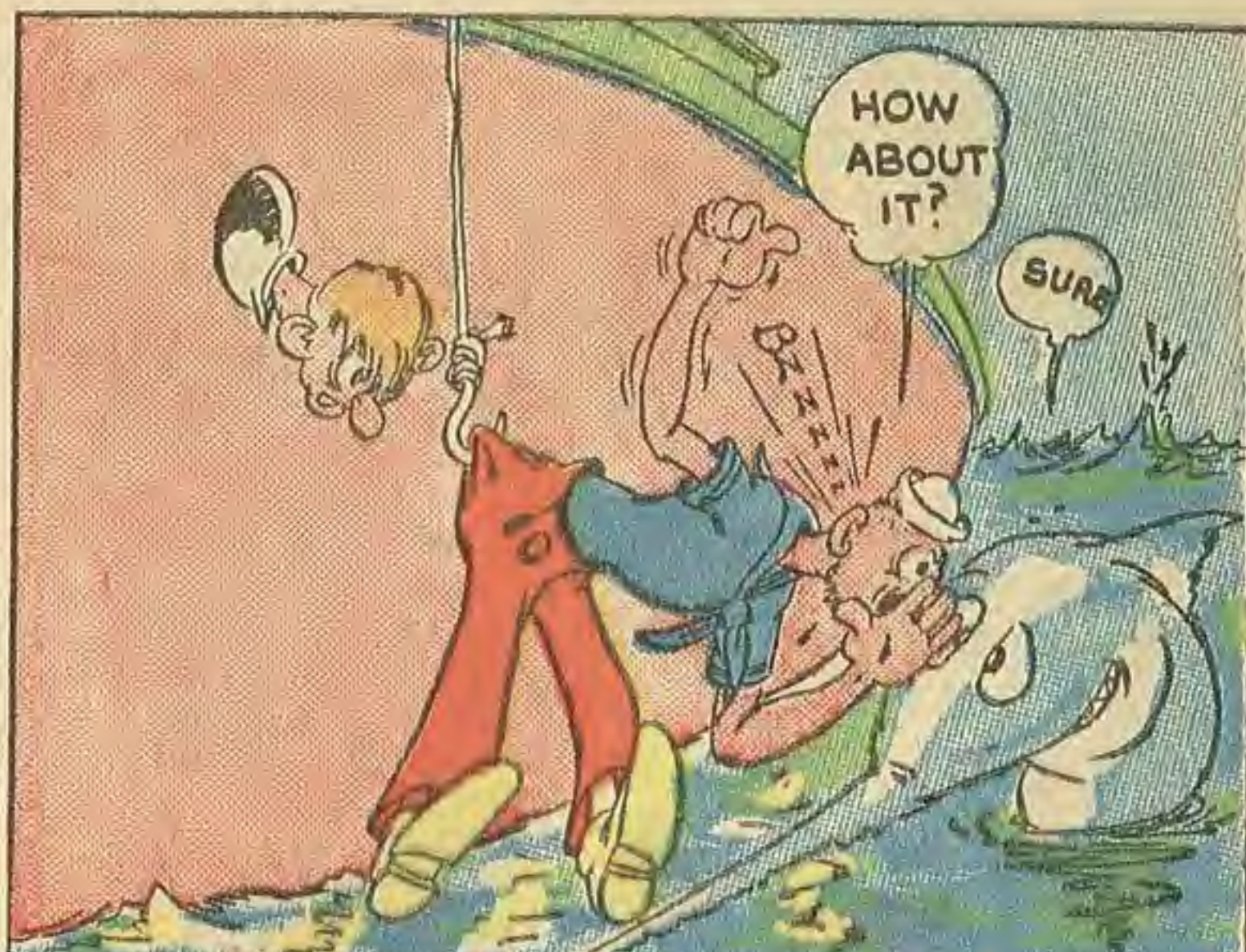


"WE TALKED OF THIS AND TALKED OF THAT  
FOR HALF AN HOUR OR MORE -  
THEN CAME THE MOST DISTRESSING CRY;  
OUR CAPTAIN GAVE A ROAR."

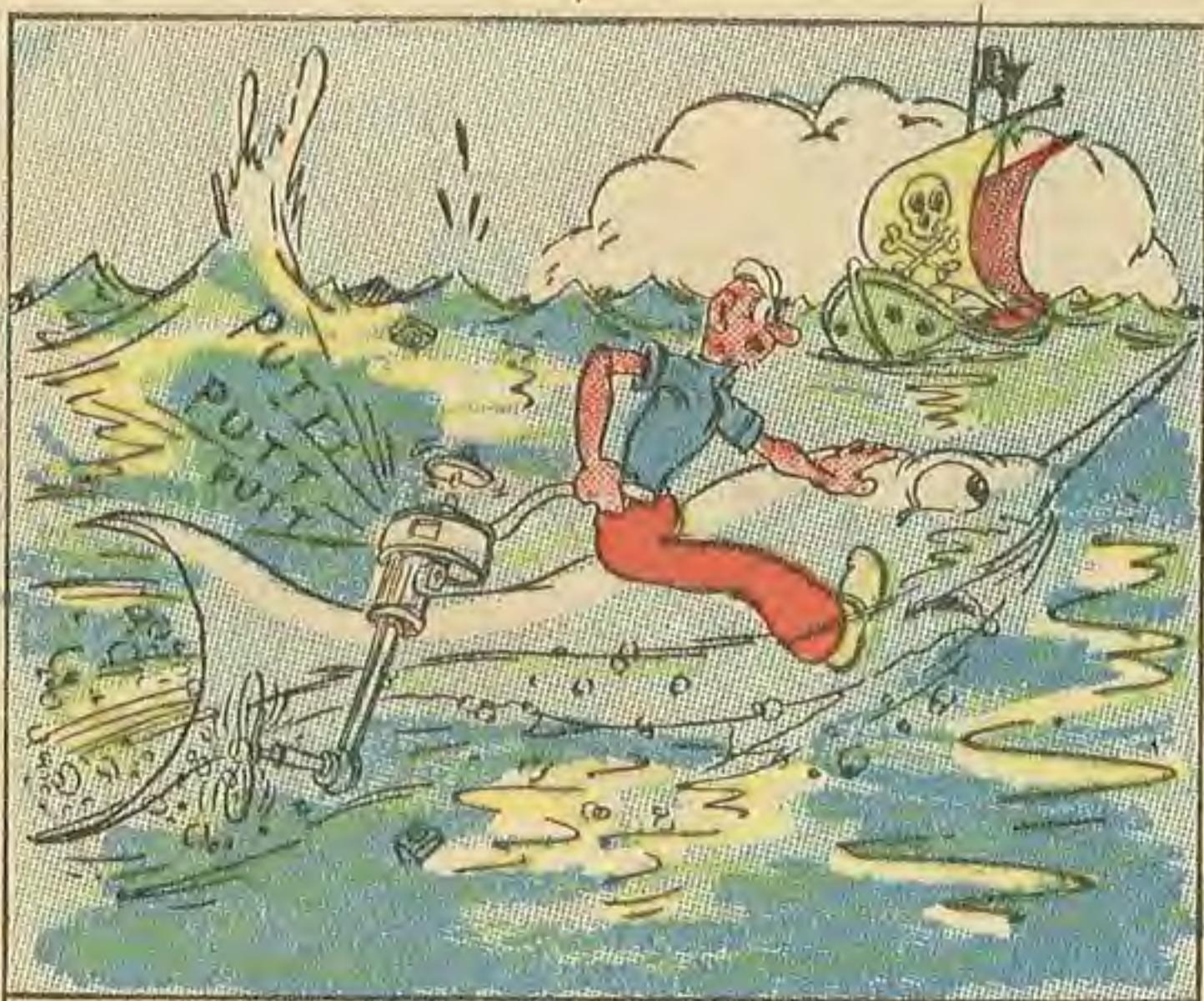




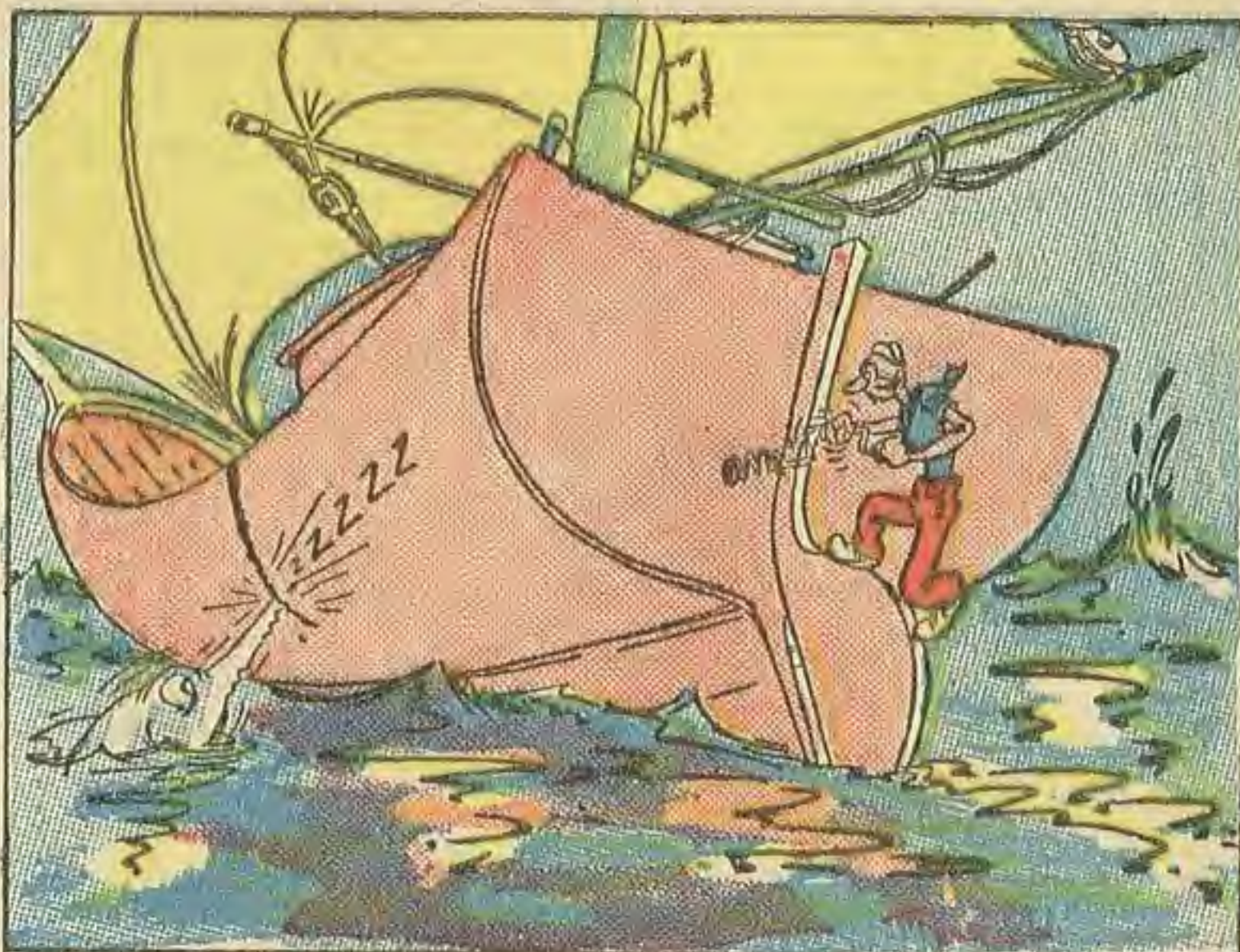
"LOOK OUT! ASTERN A PIRATE SHIP IS MAKING FOR US FAST, AN UGLY CREW WITH ROBBER FLAG A' FLYIN' FROM ITS MAST!"



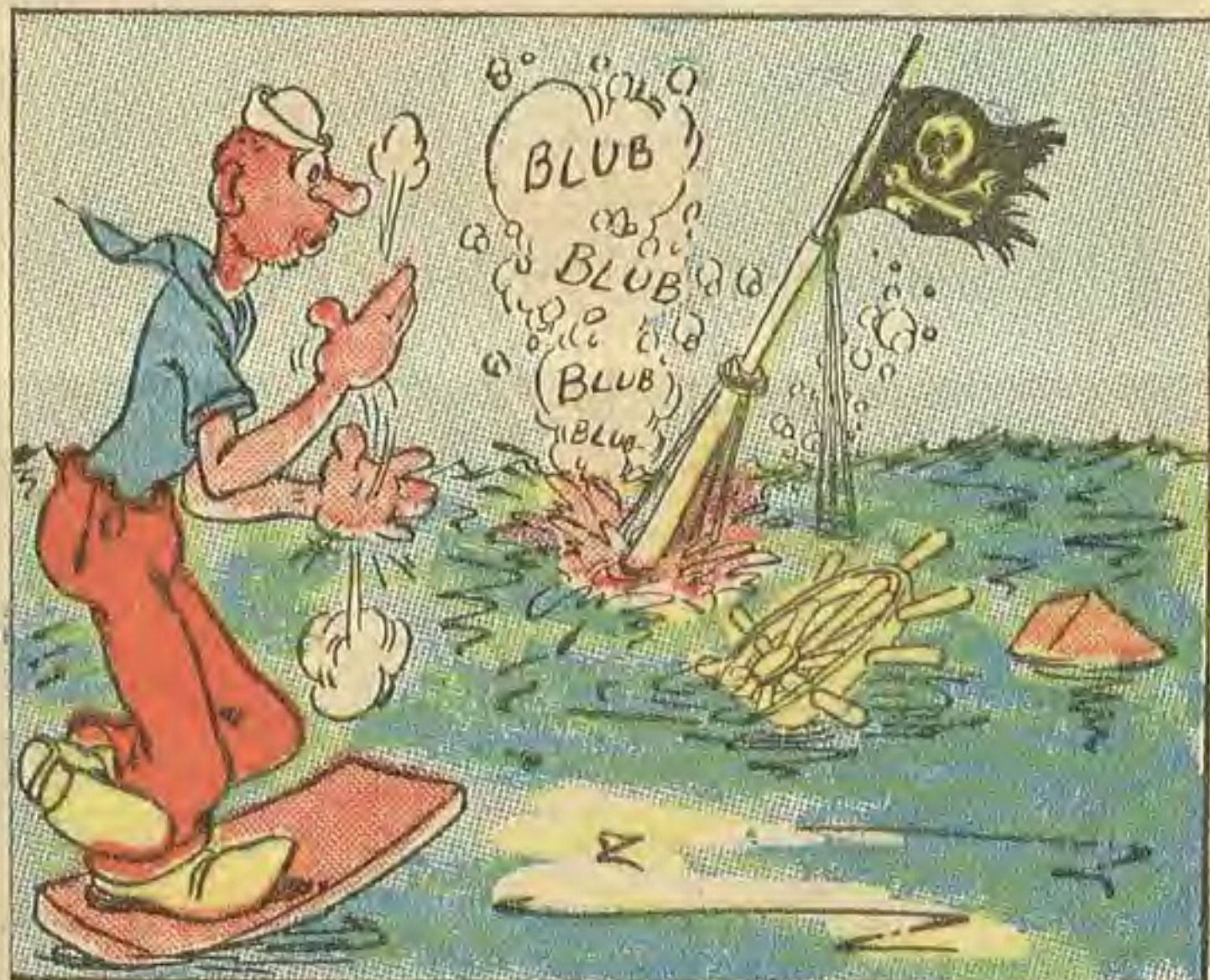
"YOU BOYS SIT STILL," I CRIED ALOUD - I KNEW JUST WHAT TO DO, I WHISPERED TO MY SWORDFISH PAL: "IT'S UP TO ME AND YOU."



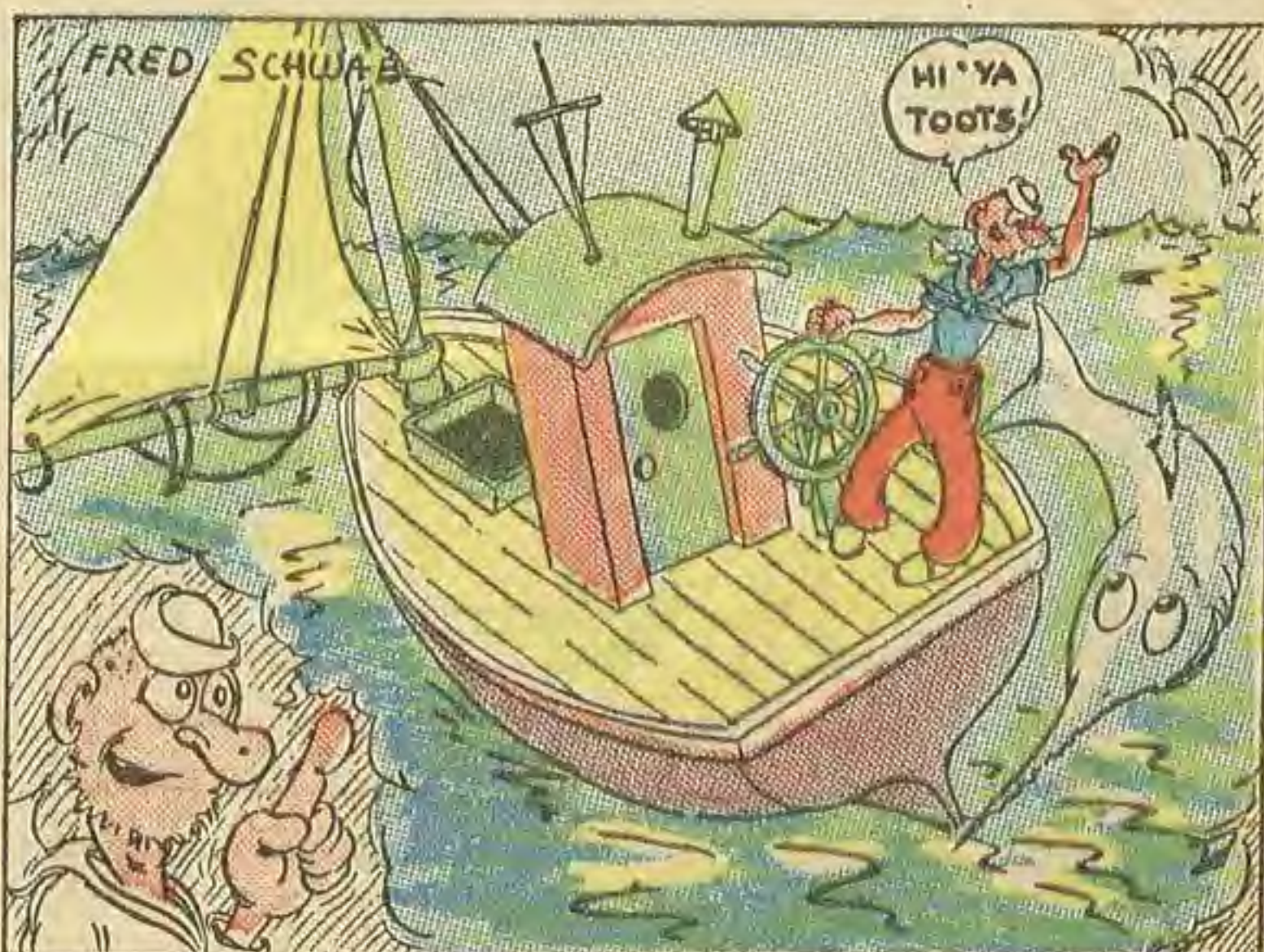
I CLIMBED UPON HIS BACK AND THEN, WE RODE TO MEET THE BOAT, THE BOAT THAT HAD THE TOUGHEST CREW THAT EVER CUT A THROAT.



IN RECORD TIME WE REACHED THE SHIP - AND NOW, I'M TELLING YOU, WITH HIS BIG TEETH HE TOOK ONE LUNGE AND CUT IT RIGHT IN TWO!



WE QUICKLY SCAMPERED BACK AGAIN, FROM DANGER WE WERE FREE. WE WATCHED AND SAW THE PIRATE SHIP SINK DEEP DOWN IN THE SEA.



I TRIED TO THANK MY SWORDFISH PAL AND THIS I HEARD HIM SAY: "SINCE I MET YOU I'VE JOINED THE SCOUTS AND DO GOOD DEEDS EACH DAY!"



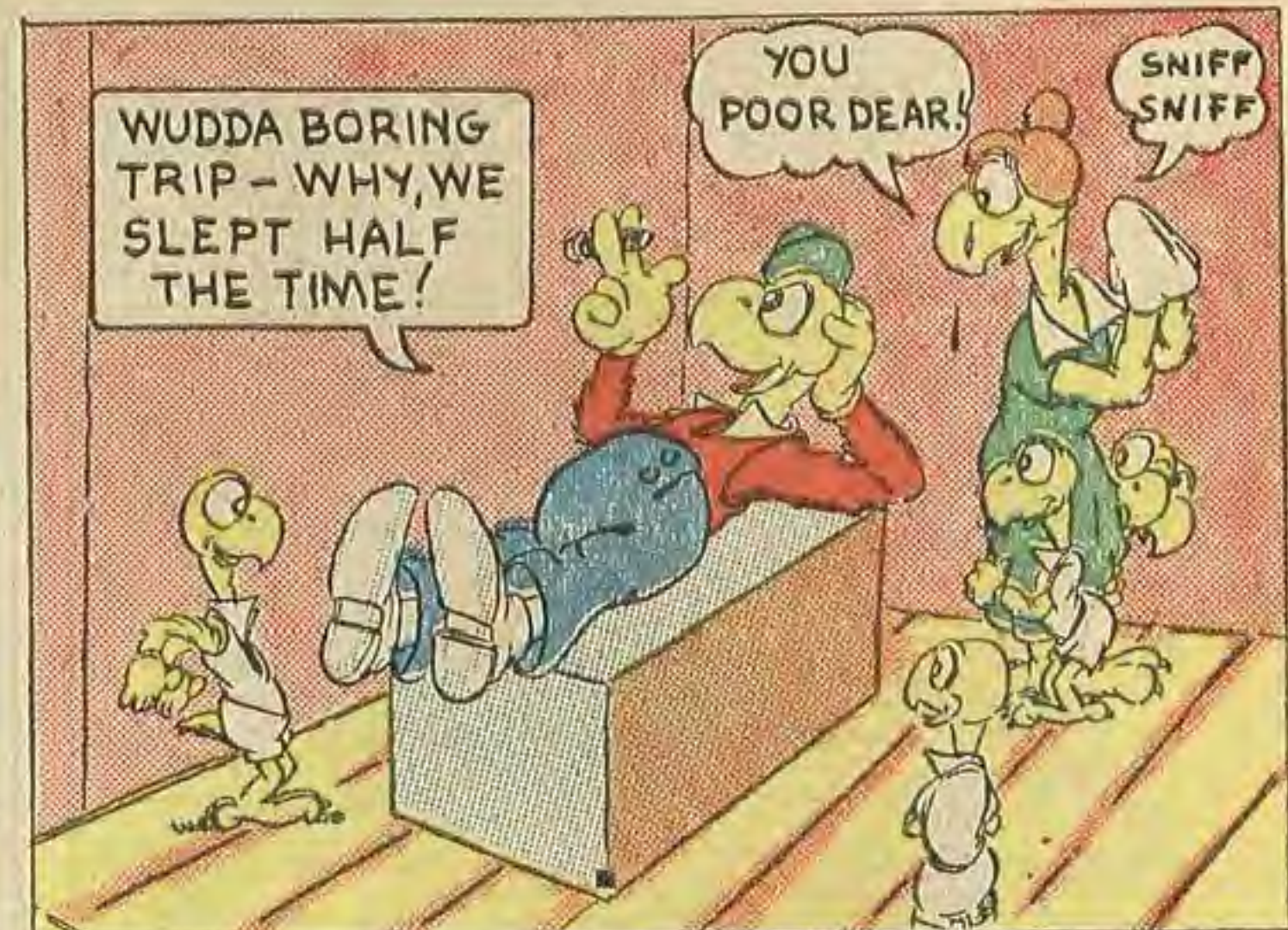
# Polly-Tix



POLLY-TIX WAS HOME AGAIN LOOKED UPON WITH PRIDE BY KIDS, WHO BEGGED A STORY. HE WAIVED THEM ALL ASIDE.



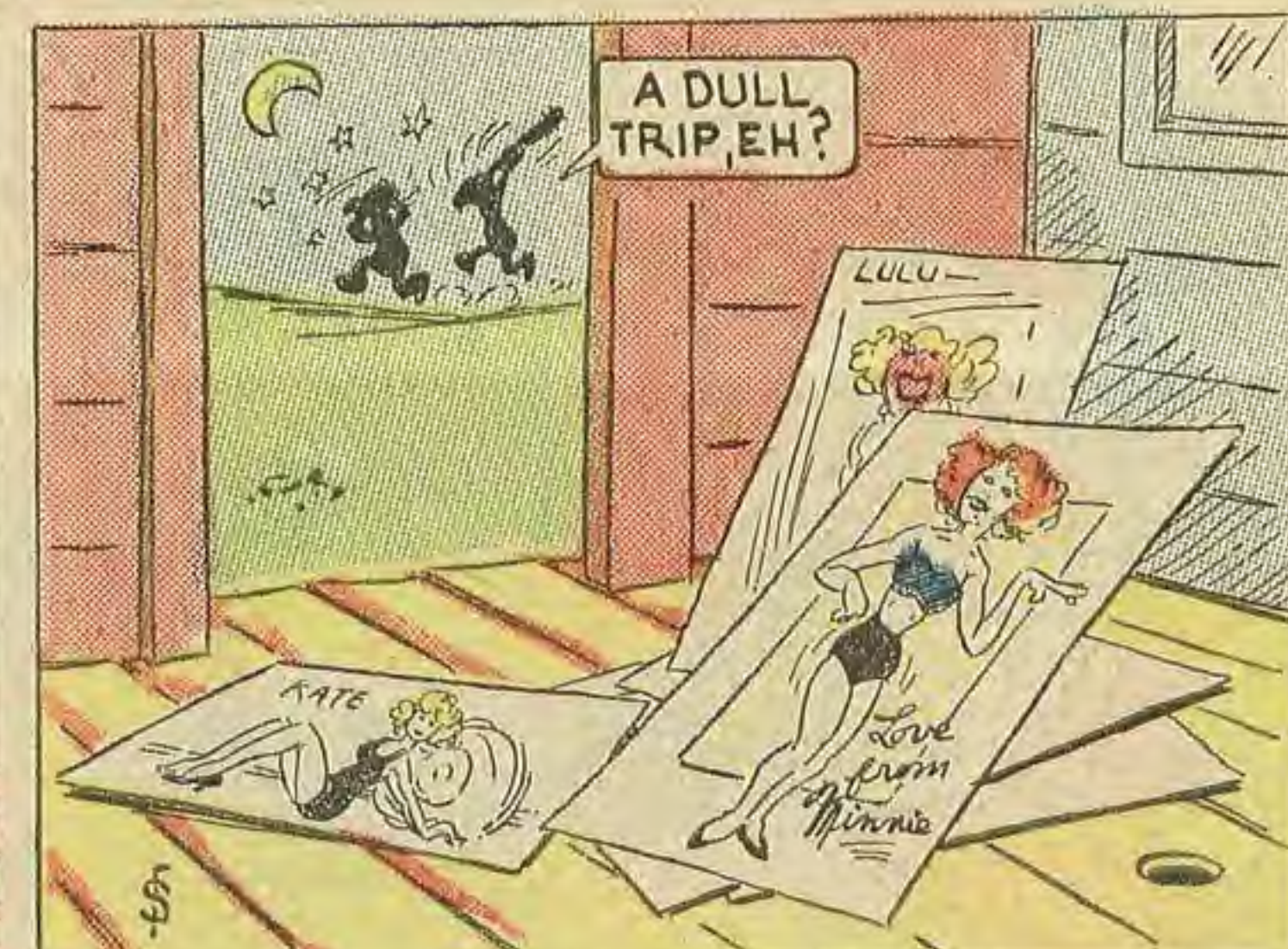
"THE DULLEST TRIP I EVER HAD-SLOW AS SLOW COULD BE, NOT A THING EXCITING HAPPENED TO EITHER BILL OR ME."



"I DON'T RECALL IN ALL MY YEARS OF SUCH A BORESOME TRIP - IN FACT, WHEN CAPTAIN GAVE US LEAVE, WE NEVER LEFT THE SHIP."



"I'D LOVE TO TELL A STORY; THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SAID, SAY GOOD-NIGHT AND SCAMPER OFF-GO RIGHT STRAIGHT TO BED."



"HUM, HUM," SAYS MRS. POLLY, "THAT'S THE WAY I THOUGHT, YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE SAILORS - A GIRL IN EVERY PORT!"



# Professor m<sup>c</sup> Screwy





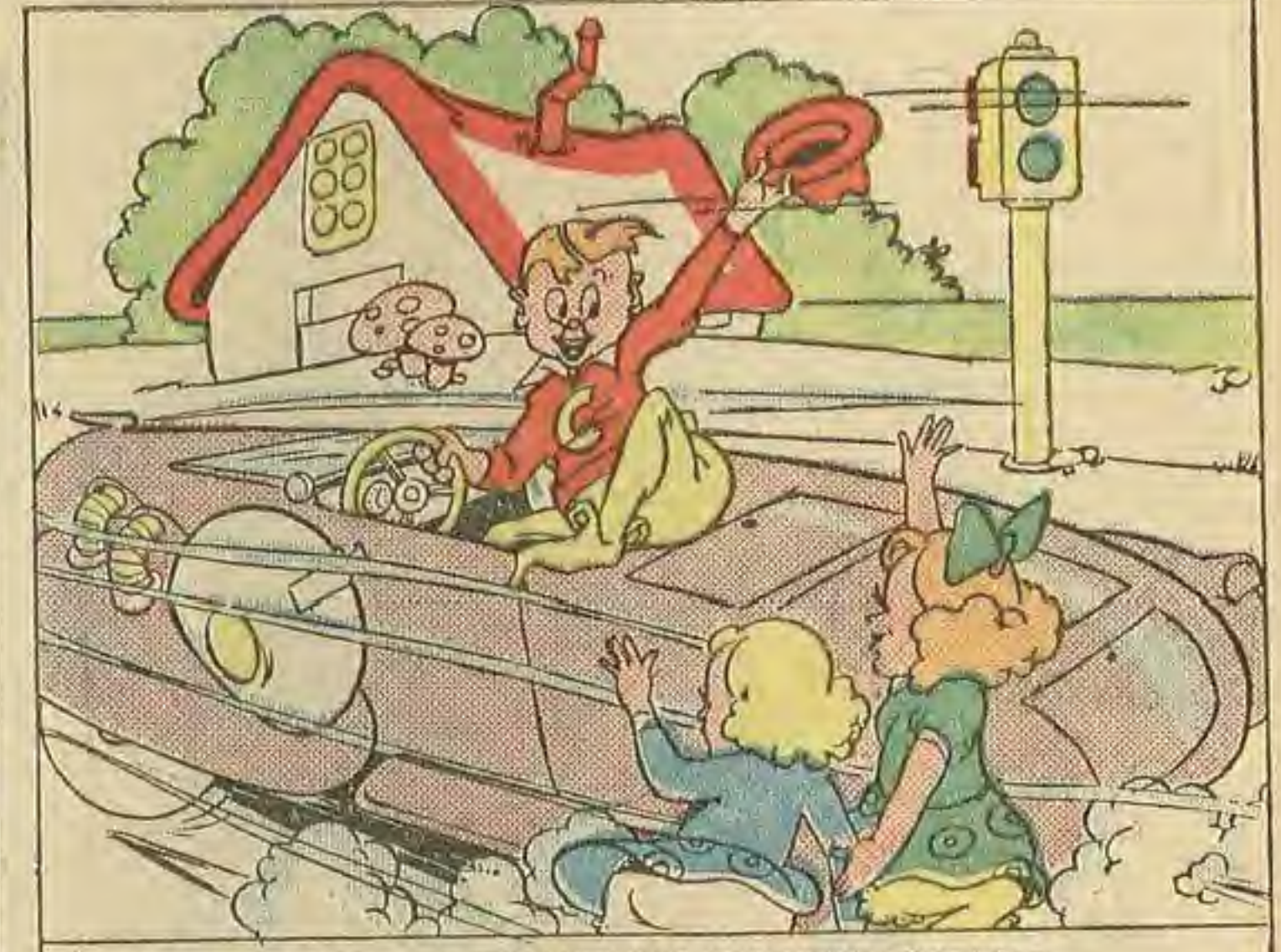
# GOOBY-LAND



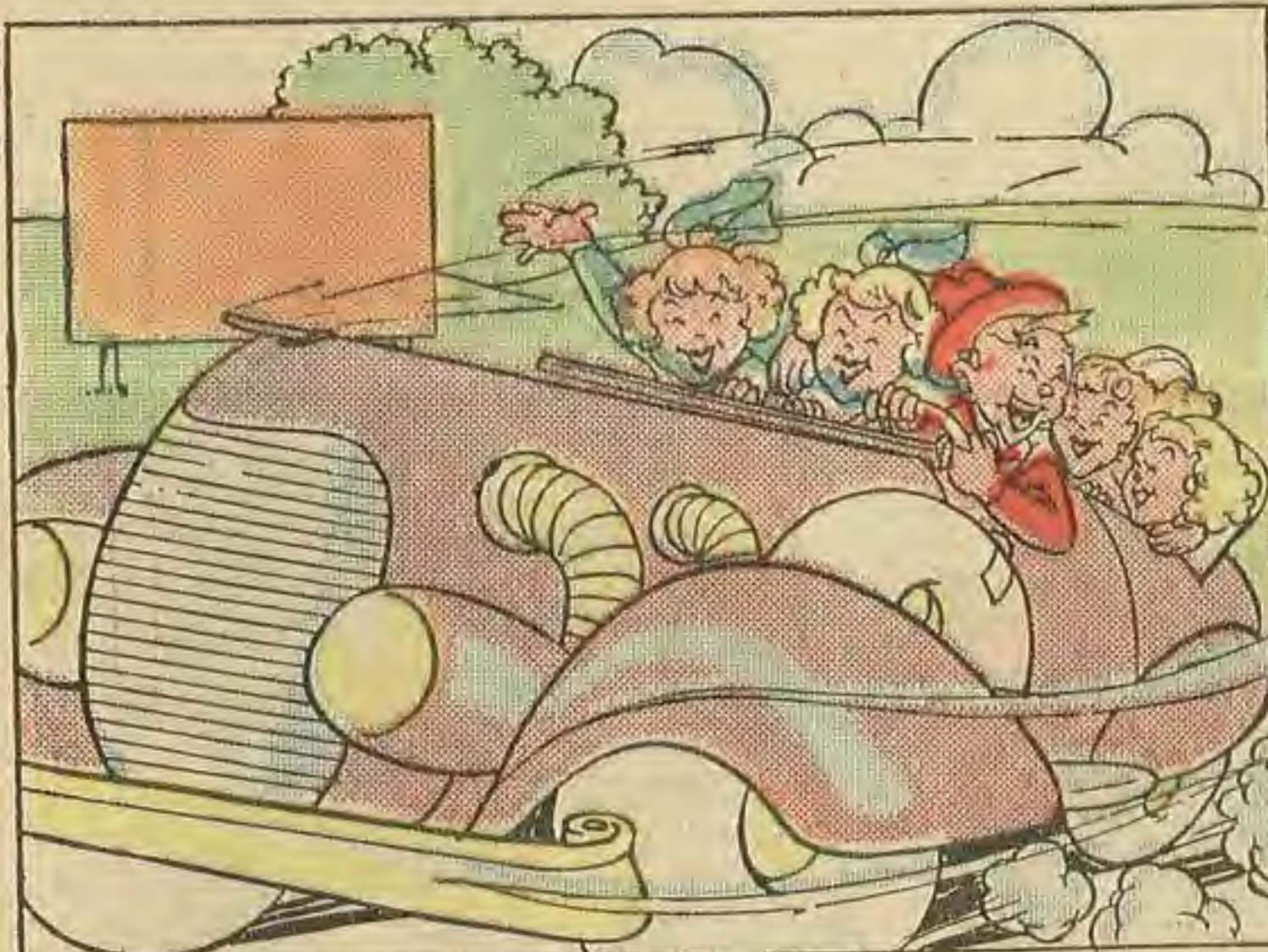
DON'T PASS A LIGHT IN GOOBY TOWN  
THE JUDGE WILL BE PROVOKED!  
WITHOUT DELAY YOU'LL HEAR HIM SAY  
"YOUR LICENSE IS REVOKED."



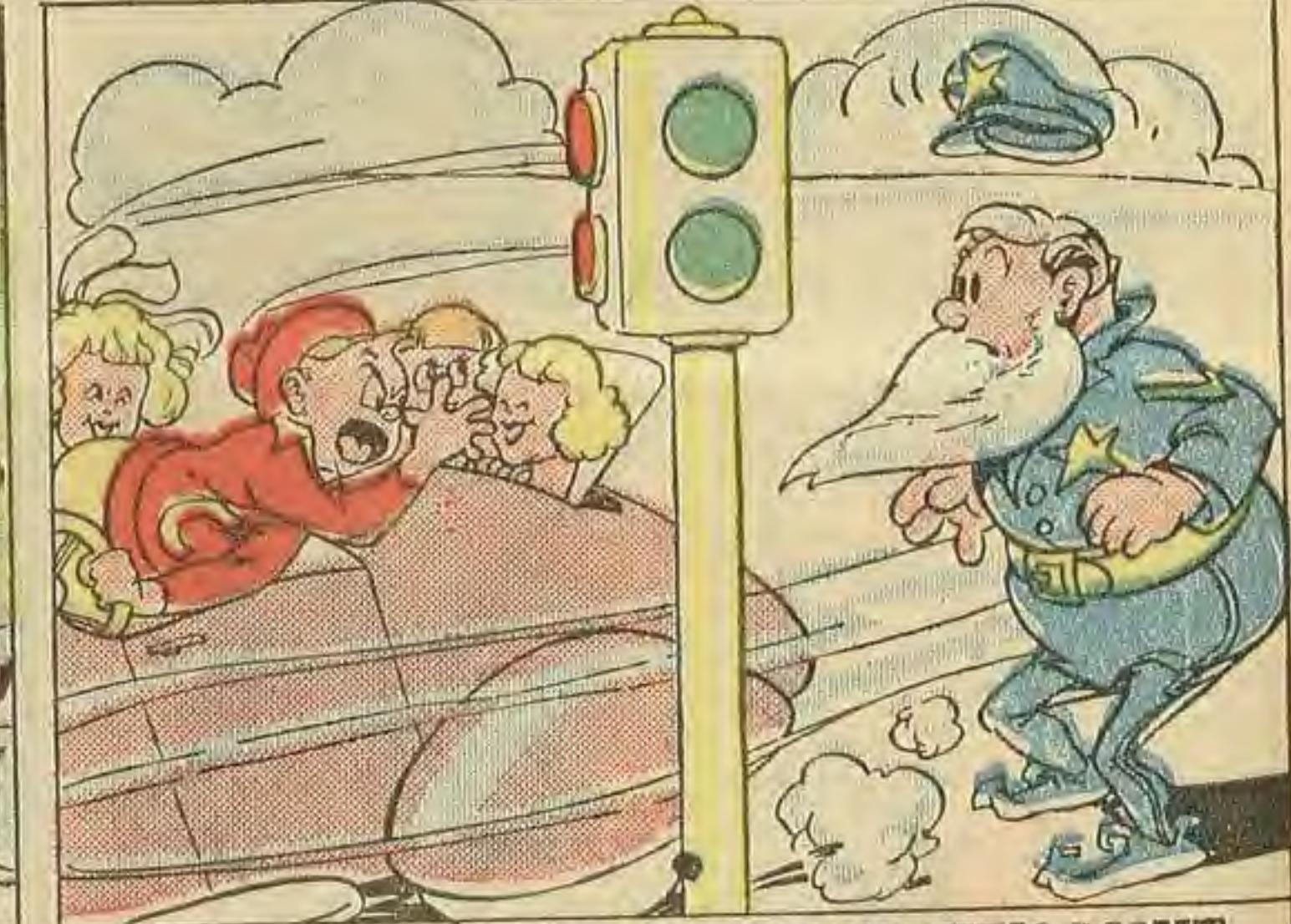
TO DRIVE AROUND WITH YOUR BEST GIRL  
IS NOT A BIT OF HARM -  
BUT WOE TO HIM WHO DRIVES HIS CAR  
AND USES BUT ONE ARM



THERE WAS A TIME IN GOOBY TOWN  
WHEN "TOM", THE BANKER'S SON,  
IN BRAND NEW CAR HIS DAD HAD BOUGHT  
THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE SOME FUN.

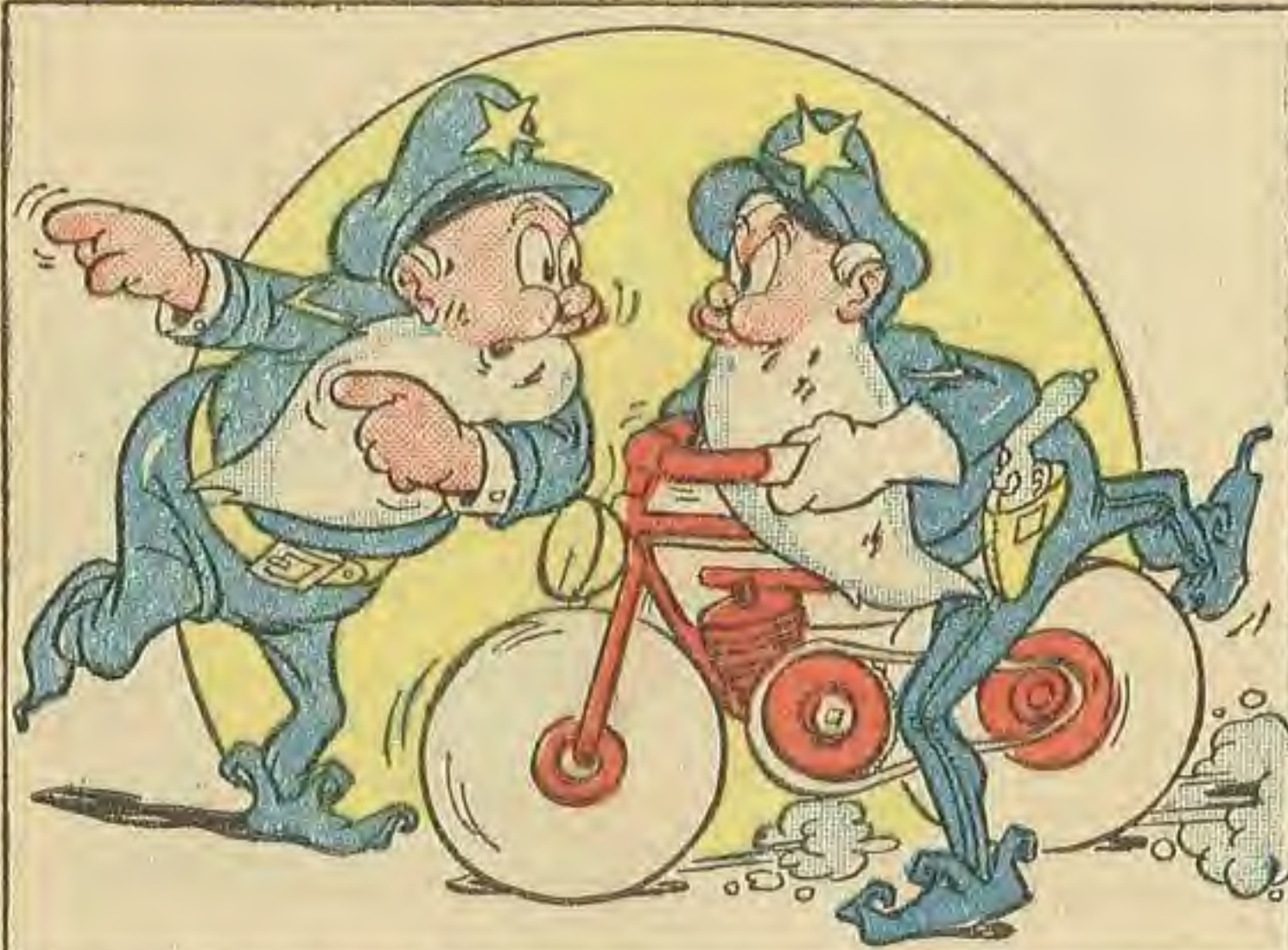


HE LOADED IT WITH PRETTY GIRLS -  
WENT TEARING DOWN THE STREET  
WITH GIRLS IN FRONT AND ON ALL SIDES  
AND IN THE RUMBLE SEAT.



HE SPED RIGHT PAST THE TRAFFIC LIGHT  
AND "HOO-HOOED" AT THE COP -  
NO EFFORT MADE TO HEED THE SIGN  
THAT WARNED HIM HE SHOULD STOP.

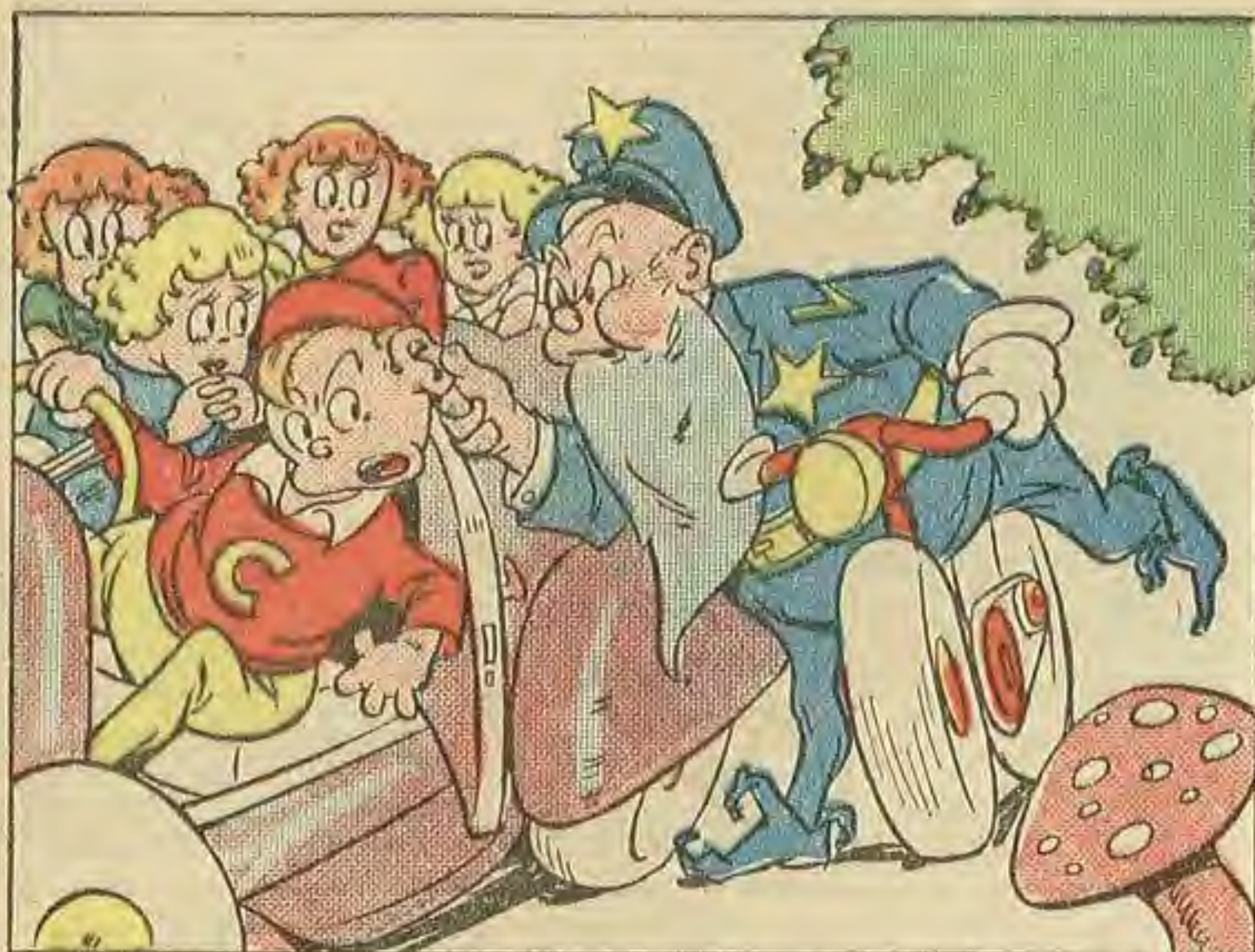




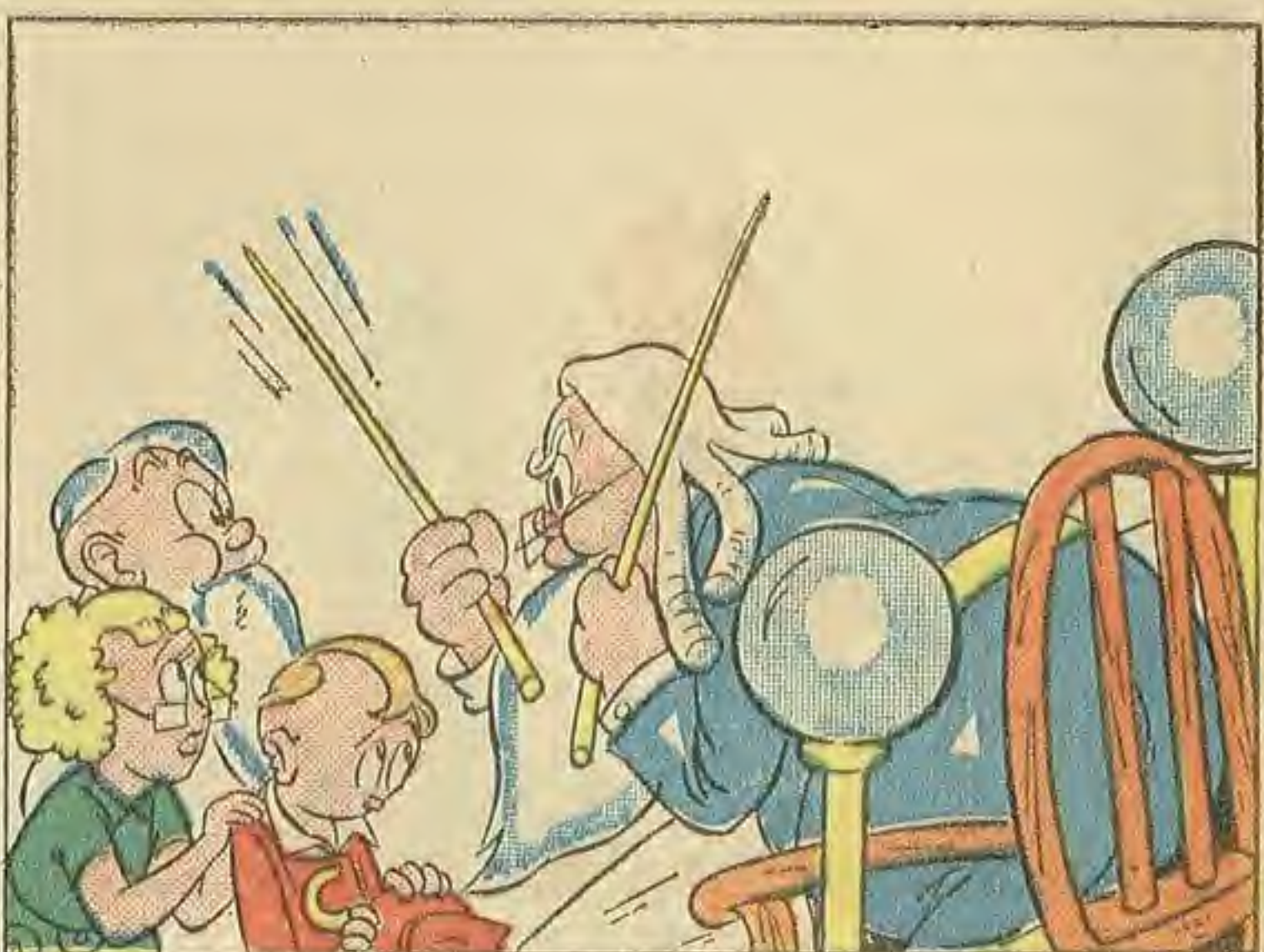
THE SIGNAL FLASHED TO EVERY POST-  
THE SIGNAL FOUR-EIGHT-TEN-  
IT WAS THE CALL THAT BROUGHT TO TOWN  
THE MOTORCYCLE MEN.



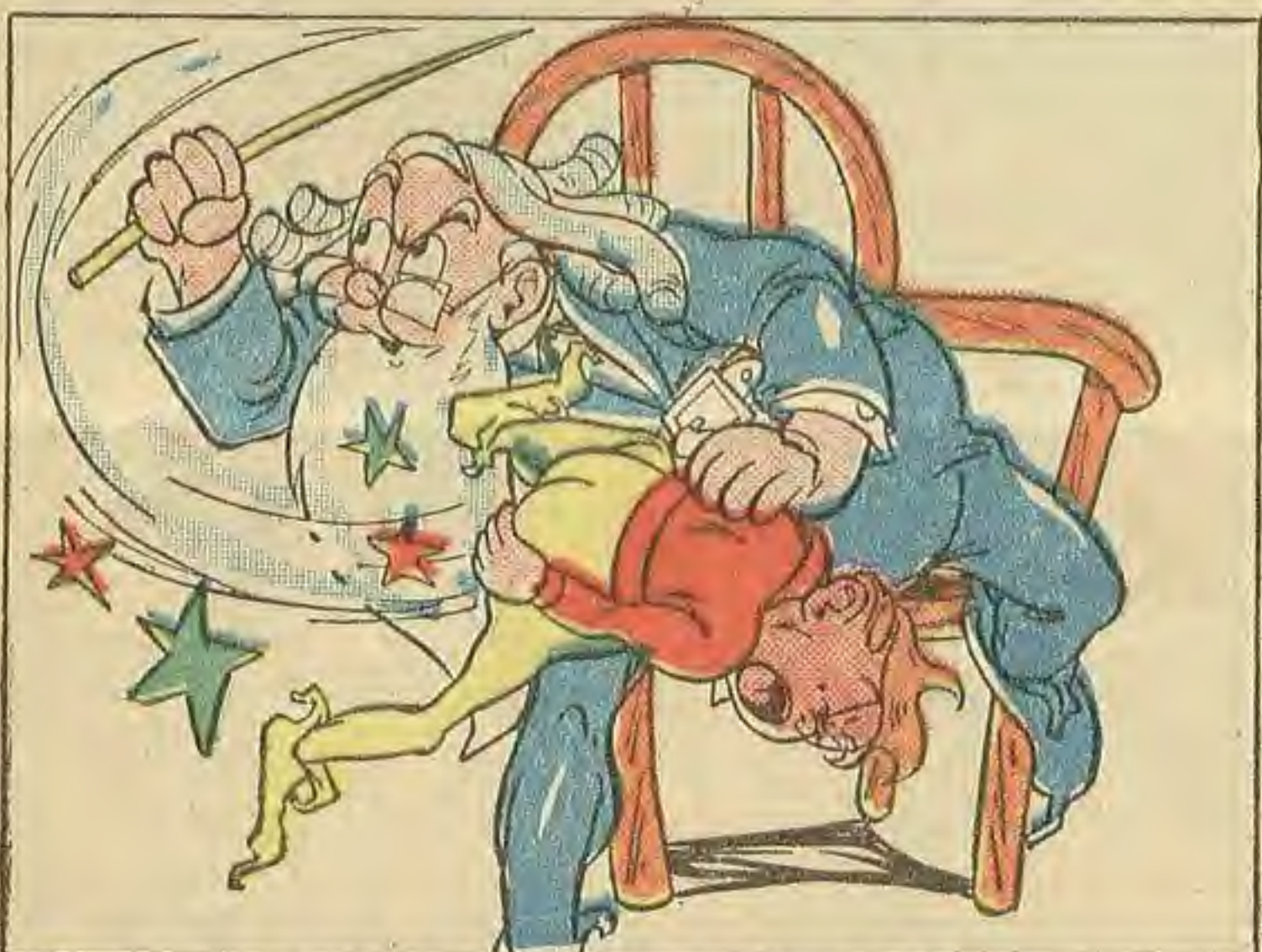
NO TIME WAS LOST BY GOOBY COPS-  
THEY ONLY ASKED THE WAY,  
AND THEY WERE OFF IN RECORD TIME  
FOR THEY BROOK NO DELAY



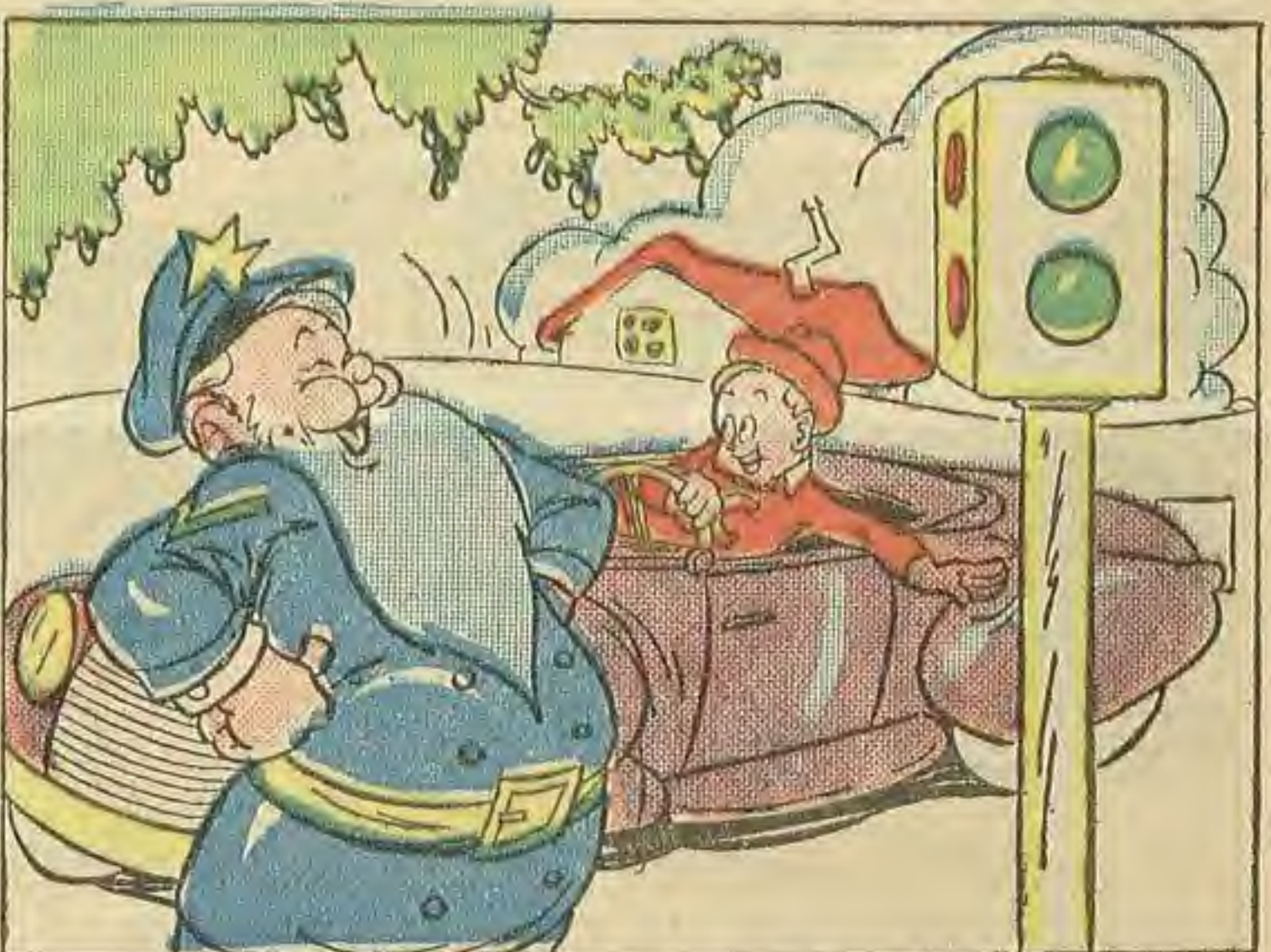
IN QUICK PURSUIT THEY SOON CAUGHT UP  
WITH THOSE WHO BROKE THE LAW,  
THEY ONLY SAID, "COME BACK WITH US!"  
THAT'S ALL THEY SAID, NO MORE.



NEXT MORNING IN THE TRAFFIC COURT  
THE JUDGE WITH TWO BIG STICKS,  
CALLED IN THEIR FOLKS AND SAID TO THEM-  
"WE'LL CURE THEM OF THESE TRICKS!"



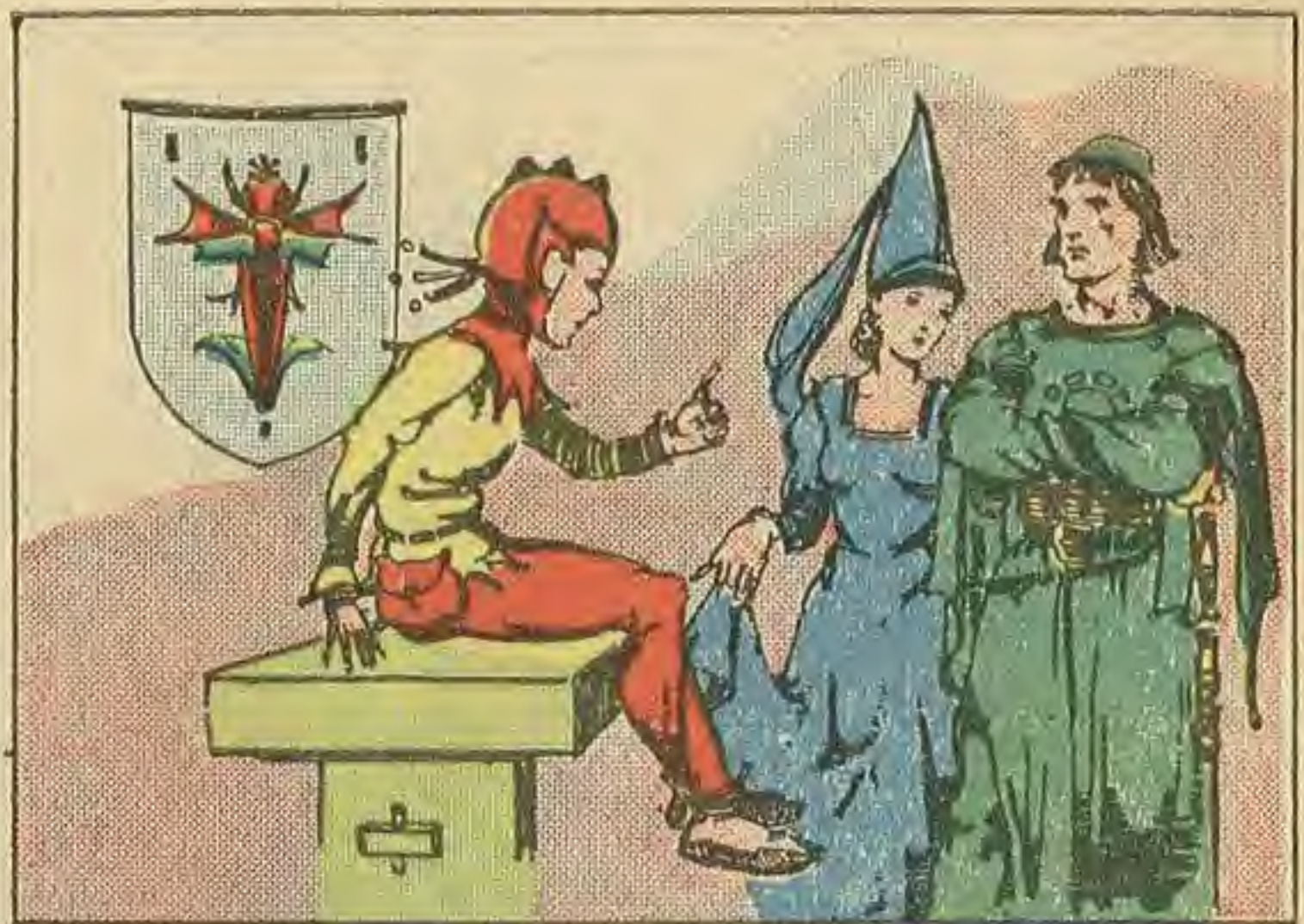
"ACROSS YOUR KNEE WHERE ALL CAN SEE  
YOU LAY IT ON THEM WELL;  
DON'T SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD,  
AND THINGS LIKE THIS WE'LL QUELL."



THEIR FOLKS APPROVED AND YOU CAN BET  
FROM THAT DAY RIGHT TO THIS-  
IN MOTOR CARS THEY'RE MIGHTY SURE  
NO TRAFFIC LIGHTS TO MISS.



# Round Table Adventures



KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS WERE AT THE COURT  
THEIR LADIES FAIR AS WELL,  
ALL WAITING FOR THE STORY, THAT  
THE JESTER BOY WOULD TELL.



"OFF TO A BALL I WENT ONE NIGHT,"  
SAID HE, WITH LAUGHING VOICE,  
"BUT I ADMIT AGAINST MY WILL  
I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE !



"T'WAS SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, WHEN  
A GOBLIN AND A GHOST  
AWAKENED ME AND THEN ANNOUNCED  
EACH WAS TO BE MY HOST.



"THEY TOOK ME TO A CASTLE, WHERE  
GREEN LIGHTS WERE ALL AGLOW;  
TO FIND IT NOW, I MUST CONFESS,  
I'D KNOW NOT WHERE TO GO.



"A PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS THERE-  
THE DANCING ALL CAREFREE;  
THEIR JOLLITY WAS QUICKLY CEASED  
THE MOMENT THEY SAW ME.





"A HAGGY WITCH CAME UP TO ME  
WITH HATRED IN EACH EYE  
'HERE IS A KNIGHT,' SHE LOUDLY CRIED,  
'HIS SKILL WE'LL MAKE HIM TRY.'"



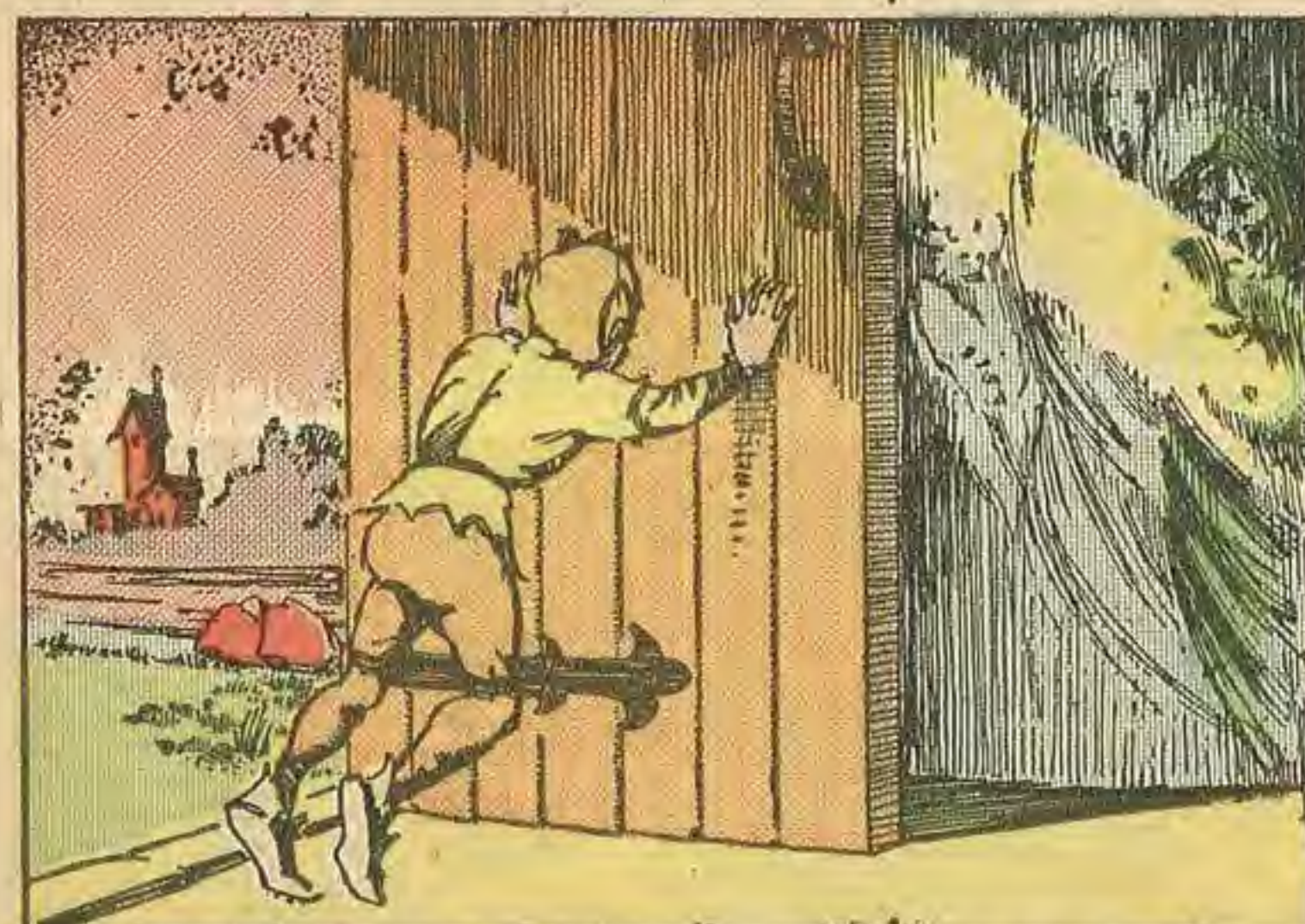
"IN COMBAT HELPLESS I WOULD BE  
WITH CREATURES SUCH AS THESE  
YET IN MY MIND I HAD A PLAN  
TO ROUT THEM ALL WITH EASE."



"IF YOU BUT GIVE ME TIME, SAID I,  
BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS O'ER  
I'LL JOUST WITH EACH AND EVERY ONE  
HERE ON THE CASTLE FLOOR."



"THEY QUICKLY NODDED THEIR ASSENT -  
CONTINUED WITH THEIR DANCE,  
WHILE I AWAITED PATIENTLY  
MY ONE AND ONLY CHANCE."



"I STALLED AROUND 'TILL BREAK OF DAY,  
THEN LET THE SUNSHINE IN -  
FOR DAYLIGHT KILLS THE WICKED THINGS  
THAT SPEND THE NIGHT IN SIN."



KING ARTHUR SAID, "NOW TELL US WHEN  
YOU SAW THIS AWFUL SIGHT."  
"OH, VERY WELL, THE LAD REPLIED,  
"I DREAMED IT ALL LAST NIGHT."



# JUNGLE-TOWN SHOW BOAT



FOLLOW THE CROWD  
TO THE BOAT ~



REMEMBER-  
12 O'CLOCK  
TOMORROW.

I'M GOING TO THE CITY  
TOMORROW FOR THE  
MONEY TO PAY OFF  
THE MORTGAGE.



AND WE MUST  
CHOP AWAY  
THE BRIDGE.

AW! HE MUST  
NEVER REACH  
THE CITY.

WOLFS  
DEN



HA-HA-HA-THE  
TRAIN SHALL  
NEVER PASS.

WE'LL HIDE  
IN THIS  
SWAMP.

PST.  
SH-NO  
NOISE.

PST



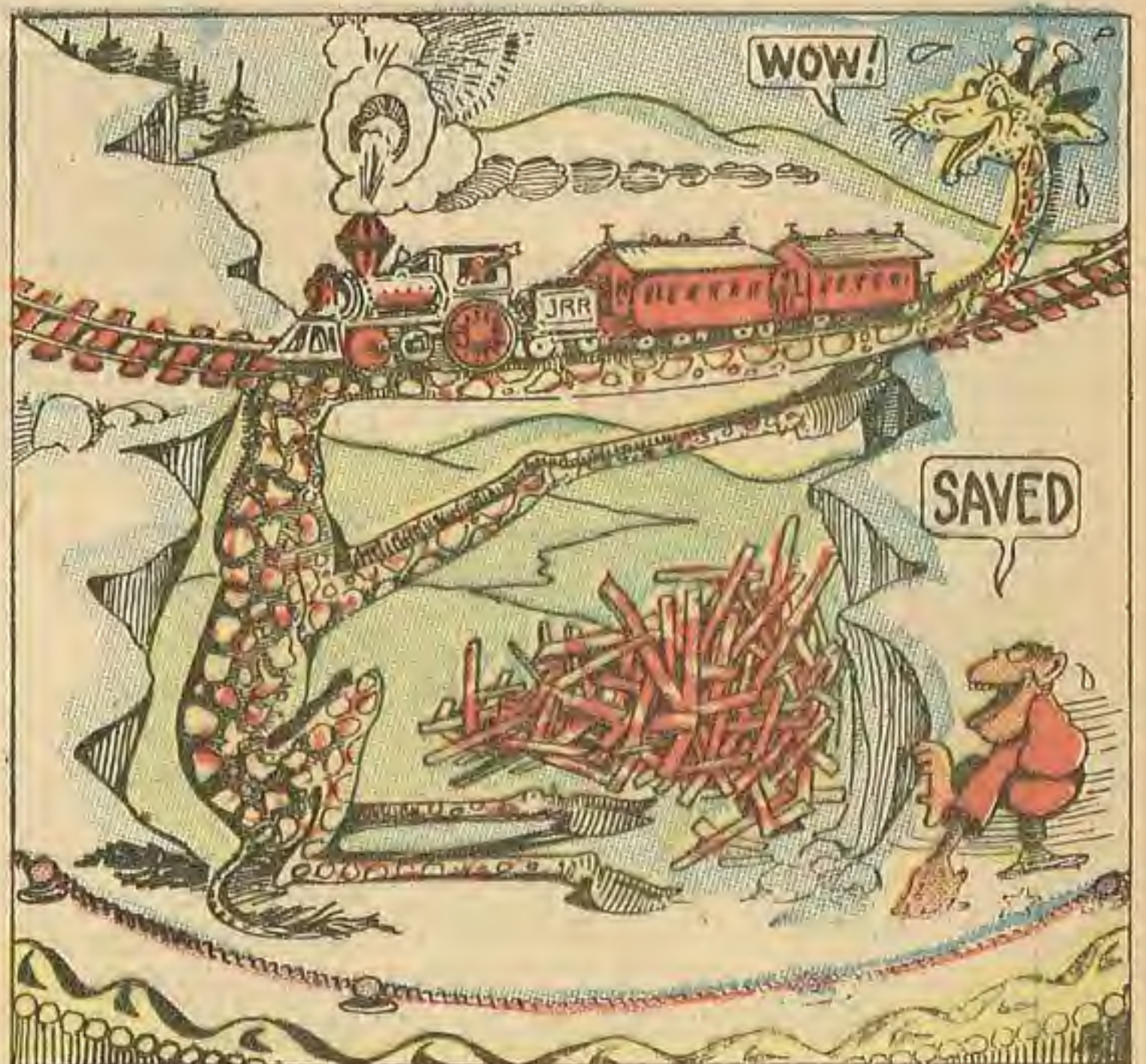
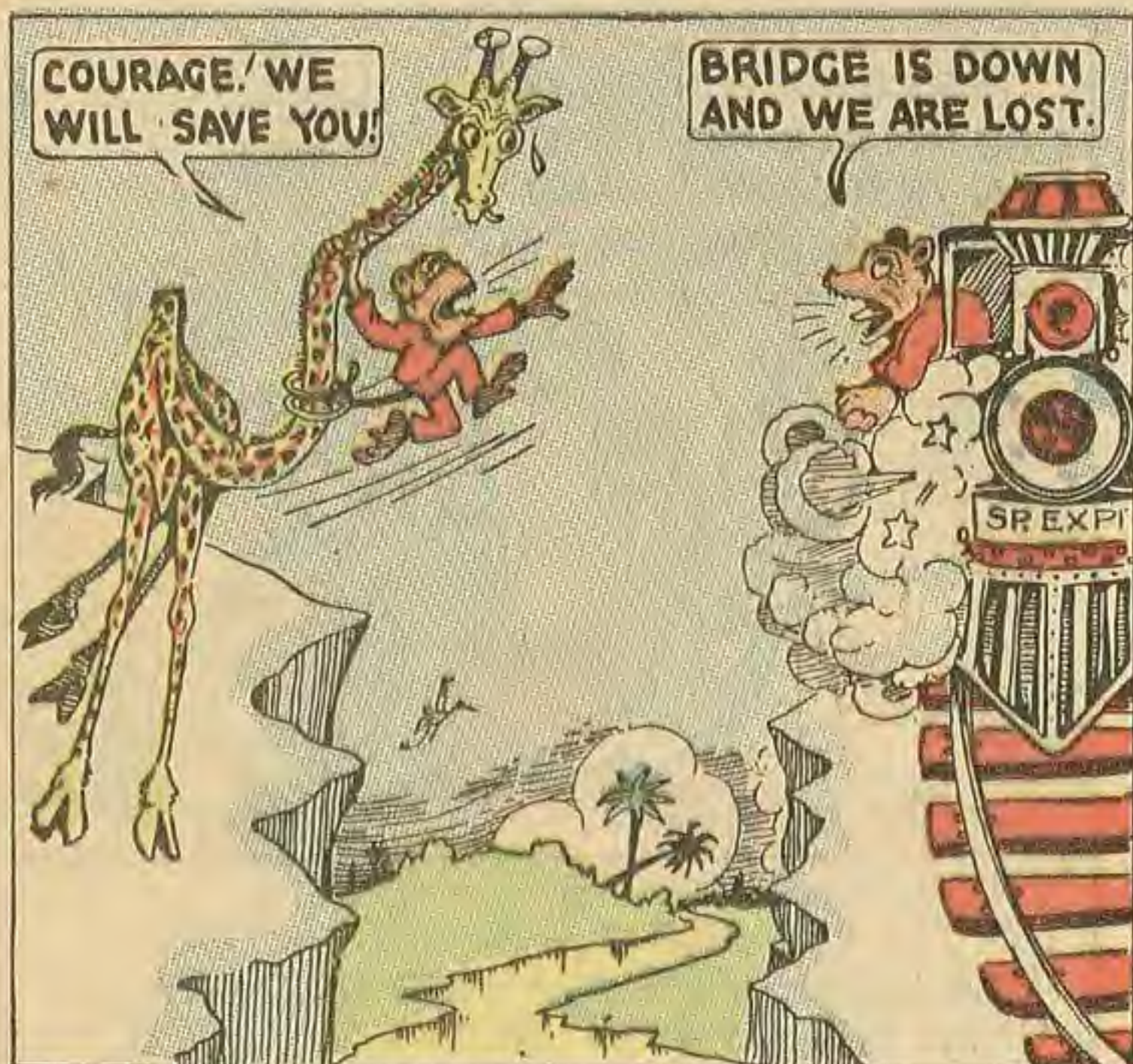
HA-HA!

SH-H-NOT  
SO LOUD!

-AH! HA-  
MY PLAN WILL  
WORK AND THE  
FARM WILL BE  
MINE-









# King Koley's Kommit

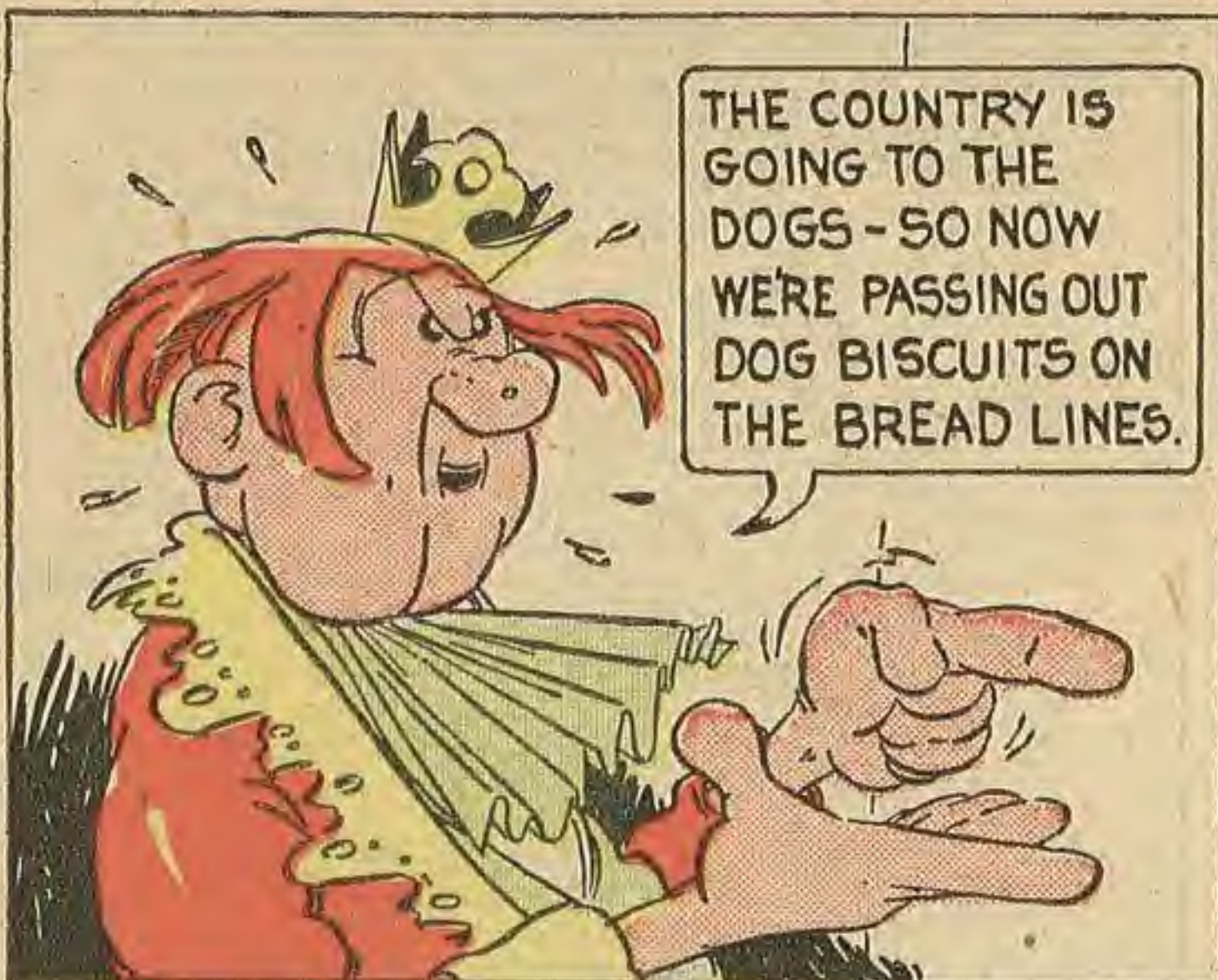
WHEN THEY CROWNED ME I WASN'T TOLD THAT I'D HAVE TO WEAR THIS THING TOO!

WORRY



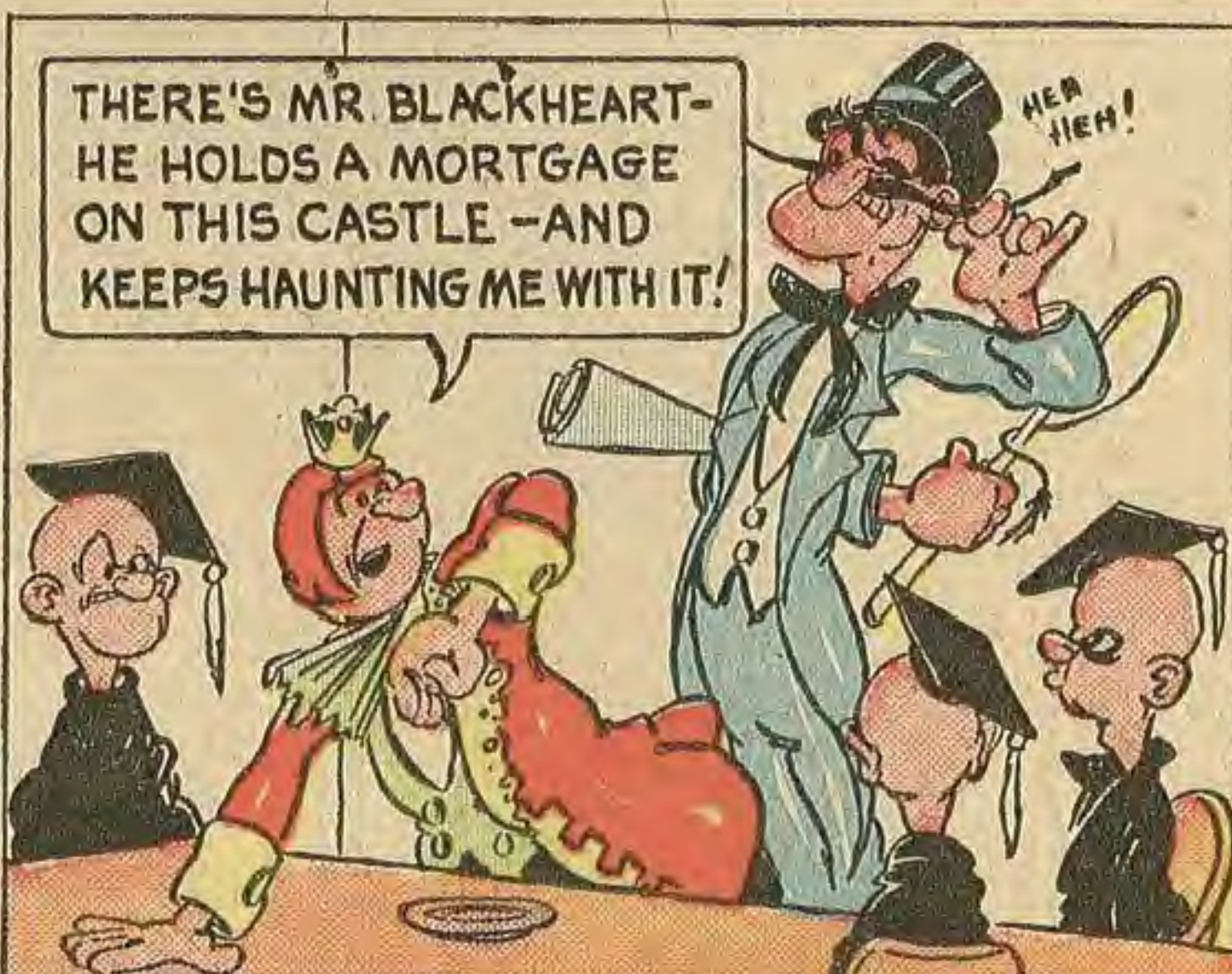
NOW LET ME SHOW YOU BOOBS WHUT'A MESS YOU GOT THE COUNTRY IN!

"I'D LIKE TO KNOW," SAID OLD KING KOLE, "JUST WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW TO GET MY KINGDOM STRAIGHTENED OUT, AND WHEN AND WHERE AND HOW."



THE COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS - SO NOW WE'RE PASSING OUT DOG BISCUITS ON THE BREAD LINES.

"MY LAND IS GOING ON THE FRITZ WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR BRAINS? IN BANKRUPTCY WE'LL HAVE TO GO FOR NOTHING ELSE REMAINS."



THERE'S MR. BLACKHEART - HE HOLDS A MORTGAGE ON THIS CASTLE - AND KEEPS HAUNTING ME WITH IT!

HEH HEH!

"I HAVE LOANS AGAINST MY CASTLE, MY JEWELS ARE ALL IN HOCK - E'ER LONG, I FEAR, MY HEAD WILL LAY UPON THE CHOPPIN' BLOCK"

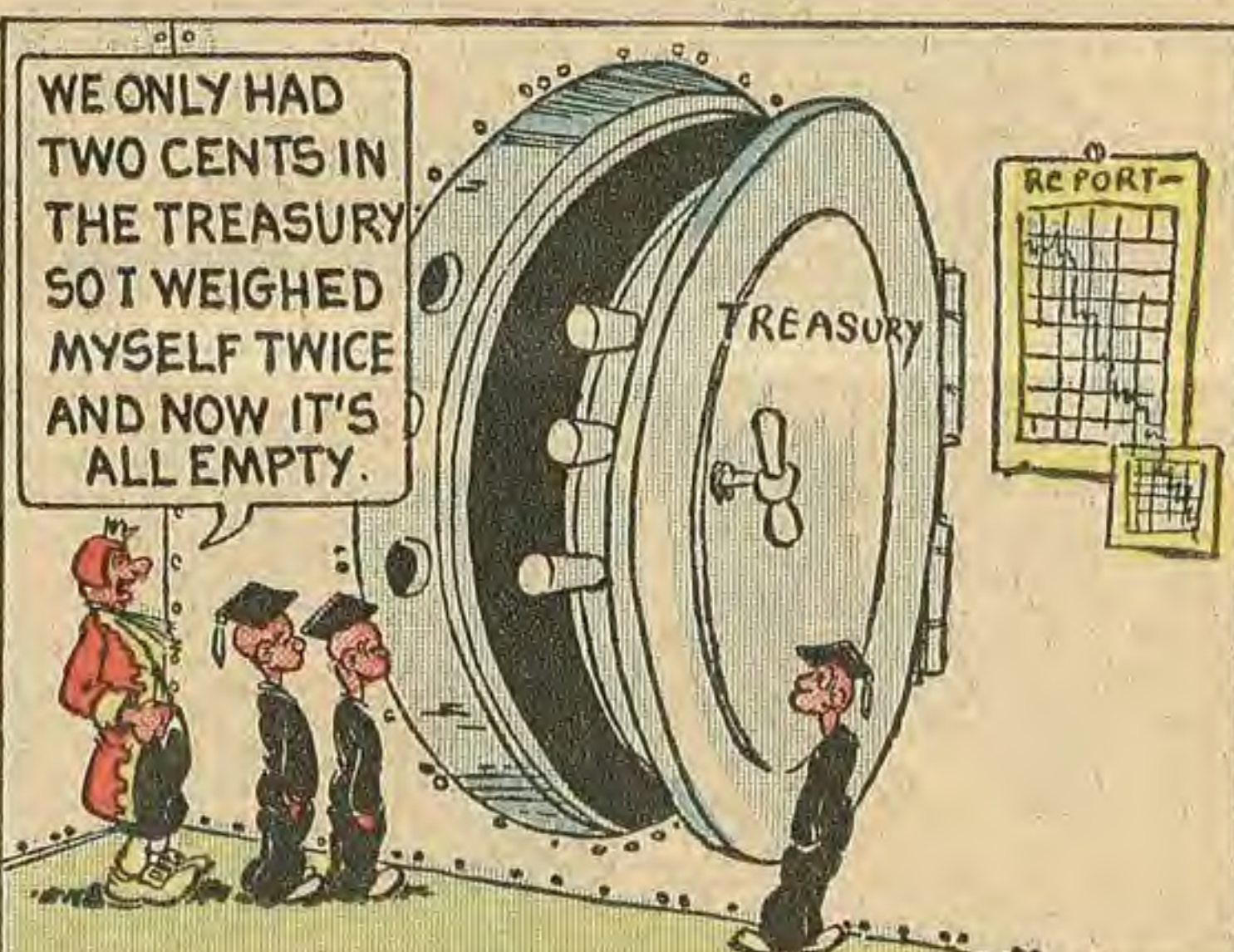


THAT'S NOTHING - JUST GET A LOAD OF THIS!

SNIFF  
SNIFF  
SNIFF

ROYAL PRESS  
KING FORCED TO HOCK HIS CROWN JEWELS

"MY VAULTS ARE EMPTY AS CAN BE, WE HAVEN'T GOT A SOU. WHAT CAN BE DONE TO FIX US UP THE ANSWER LIES WITH YOU."



WE ONLY HAD TWO CENTS IN THE TREASURY SO I WEIGHED MYSELF TWICE AND NOW IT'S ALL EMPTY.

"I'VE PUT UP BUILDINGS BY THE SCORE - THE FINEST EVER SEEN, BUT CAN'T YOU SEE UPON EACH ONE SOMEONE HAS SMACKED A LIEN."

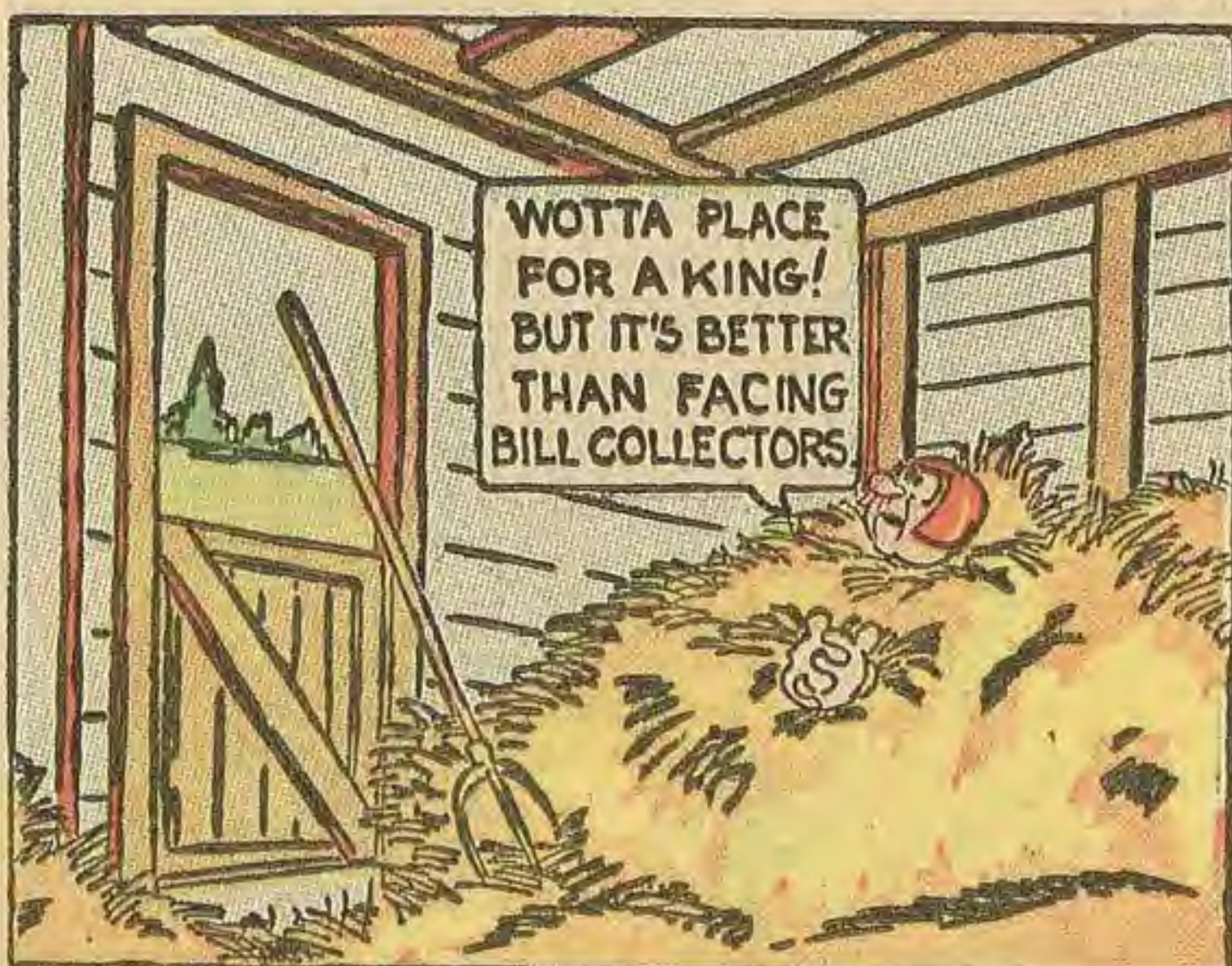




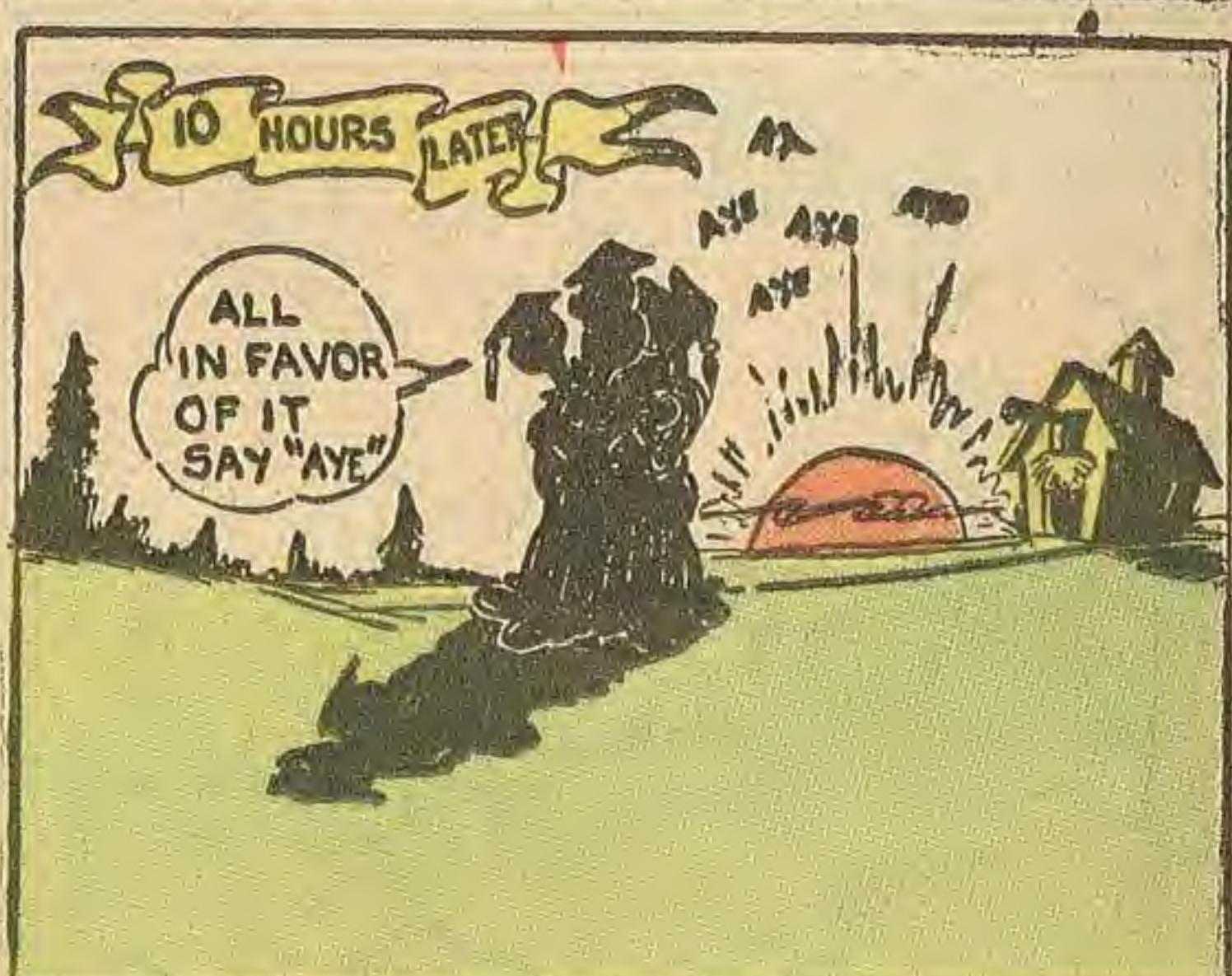
"NOW YOU GET THIS AND GET IT STRAIGHT, I DON'T CARE HOW YOU FEEL - I'VE LISTENED TO YOU LONG ENOUGH I'M SICK OF YOUR NEW DEAL."



"SO HOLD A MEETING WITH YOURSELVES AND THINK UP SOME IDEA, THEN LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU GET THROUGH - YOU'LL FIND ME WAITING HERE."



THE "TRUSTERS" HUDDLED THERE AND THOUGHT, ALL THEY COULD DO WAS THINK OF WAYS AND MEANS TO SAVE THEIR LAND FROM GOING ON THE BLINK.



AT LAST THEY SAID, 'WE HAVE AGREED ON JUST THE THING TO DO. FOR WE'VE WORKED OUT A PERFECT SCHEME - WE'LL PASS IT ON TO YOU.'



"LET'S ALL FORGET WHAT WE HAVE DONE, LET BY GONES GO THEIR WAY, FORGET THE PAST, SAY ALL OF US, FOR THIS IS A NEW DAY."

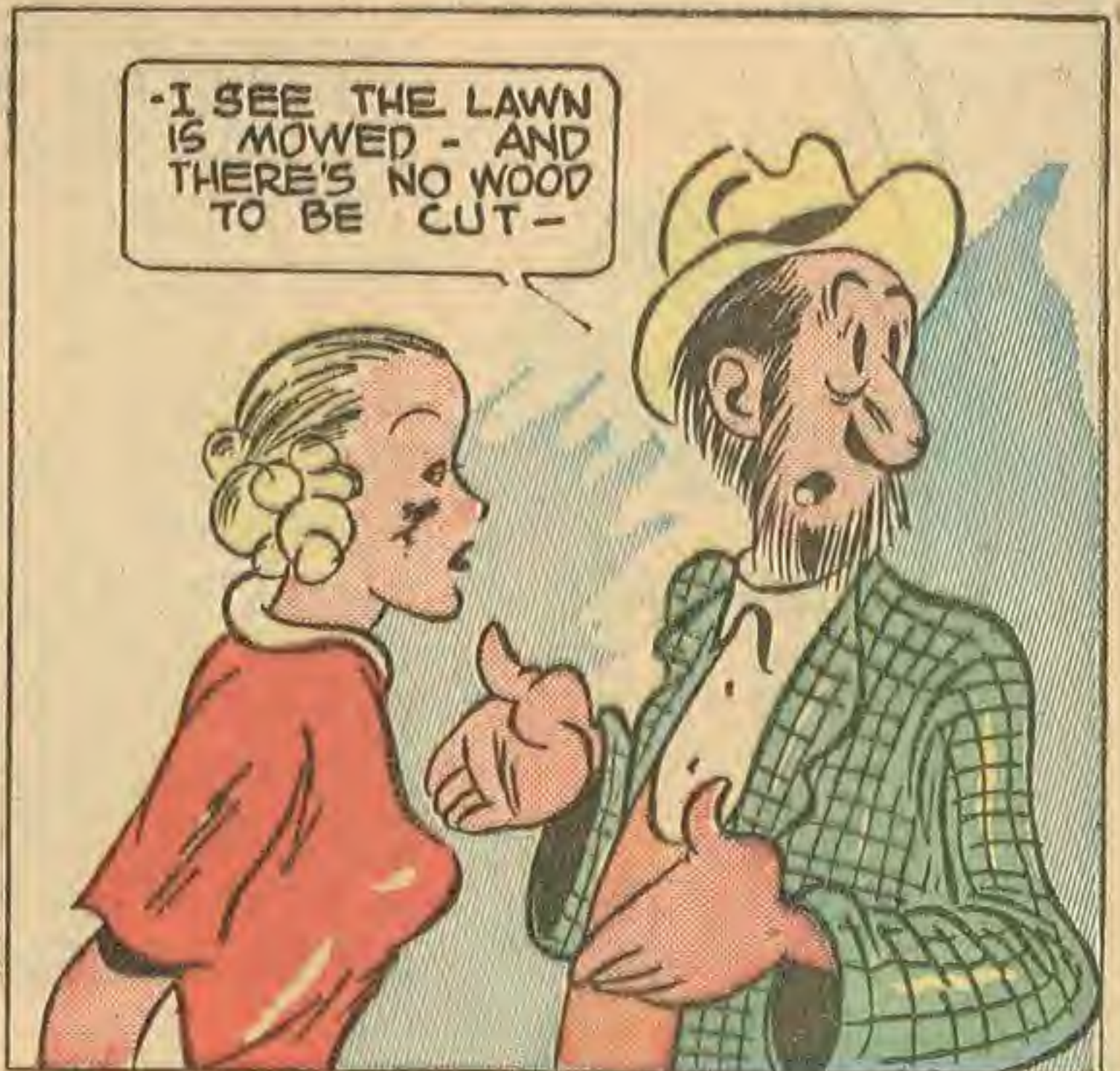


"WE'LL GIVE OUT ORDERS RIGHT AWAY FOR EACH TO DO HIS SHARE. A NEW DEPRESSION WE'LL BEGIN AND START IN FRESH FROM THERE."











# Misleading NAMES

JACK  
RABBIT

HORNED  
TOAD.



ENGLISH  
WALNUTS.



PEANUTS

A JACK RABBIT IS A HARE -  
A BELGIAN HARE IS A RABBIT.  
GUINEA PIGS ARE NOT PIGS AND  
THEY DON'T COME FROM GUINEA!  
THE PEANUT IS NOT A NUT, BUT A  
BEAN...THE MEADOW LARK IS  
AN ORIOLE - NOT A LARK...A SOW  
BUG NEITHER LOOKS LIKE A  
SOW, NOR IS IT A BUG - IT'S A  
CRUSTACEAN!... A HORNED TOAD  
IS NOT A TOAD. IT'S A LIZARD...  
IRISH POTATOES ARE NOT IRISH -  
AND ENGLISH WALNUTS ARE NOT  
ENGLISH...THE GROUND HOG IS NOT  
A HOG - THE PRAIRIE DOG IS NOT  
A DOG - BOTH ARE MARMOTS.



PRAIRIE  
DOG.



MEADOW  
LARK.



# THE Pardon

BY  
CLAIRE  
S. MOE



ADOLPHE BERNHORN, SWISS GOATHERD, IS LIGHT-HEARTED, FOR THE SINGING GLACIERS TELL HIM THAT THE SPRING SOON WILL BE FOLLOWED BY LAZY SUMMER DAYS ON GRASSY MOUNTAIN SLOPES.



ROUNDING A SHARP TURN IN THE PATH, HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH GRETCHEN NISSON. NEITHER IS AT ALL PLEASED.



WITHOUT SPEAKING, THEY LOOK TO THE GROUND.



OH-H-H!



THE EDELWEISS, GRETCHEN!

NO, NO! IT CANNOT BE!

TO THE MOUNTAIN FOLK THE FINDING OF THE EDELWEISS IS A SIGN OF BETROTHAL.





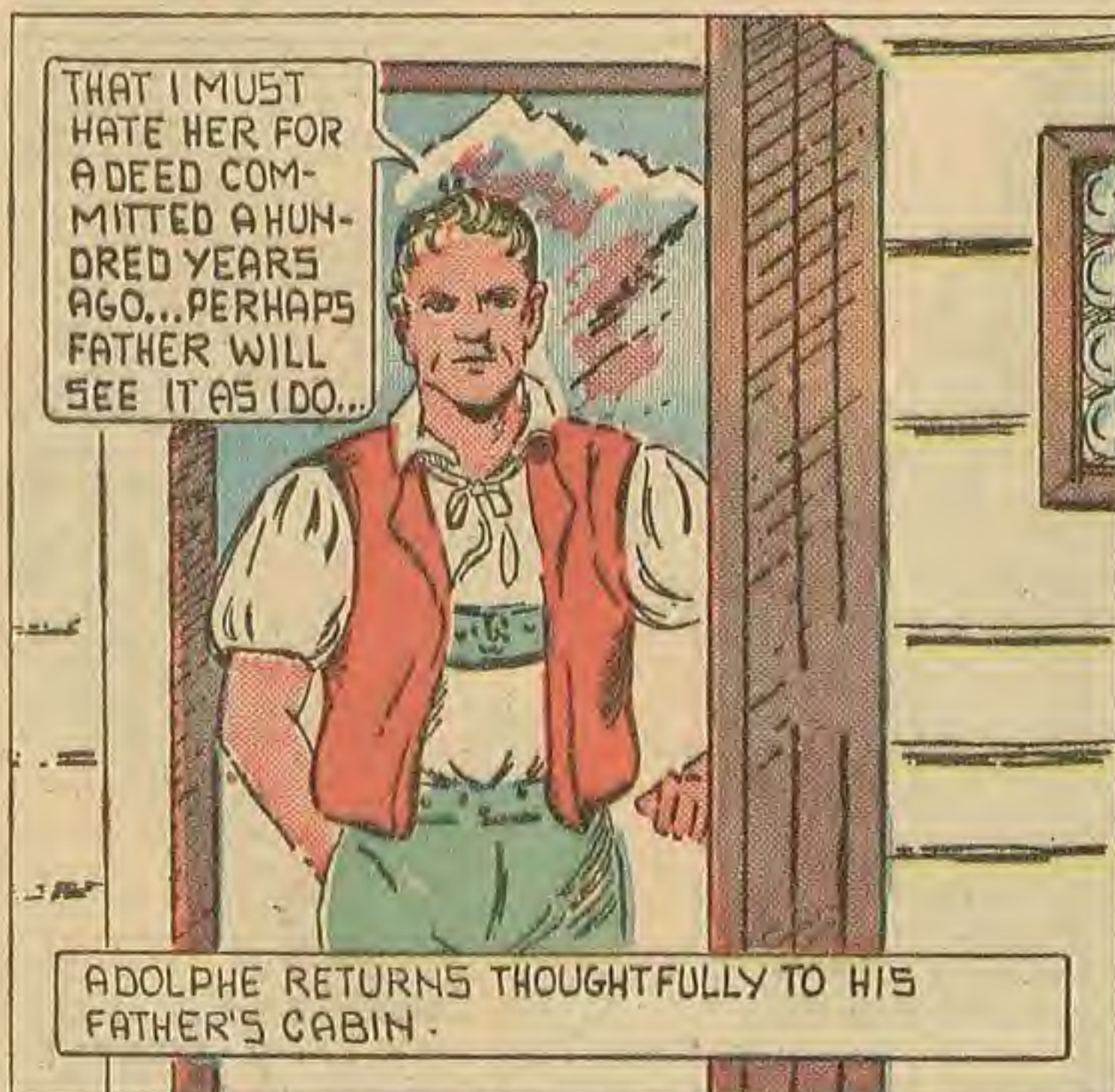
WHY SHOULD THE GODS DO THIS? ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO HATE YOU.

AND I YOU. YET JUST THIS HOUR I HAVE FOUND THE EDELWEISS GROWING AT YOUR FEET.



I... I AM AFRAID. I MUST GO NOW.

IT DOES NOT SEEM RIGHT TO HATE ANYONE SO BEAUTIFUL, GRETCHEN. MEET ME HERE TOMORROW.



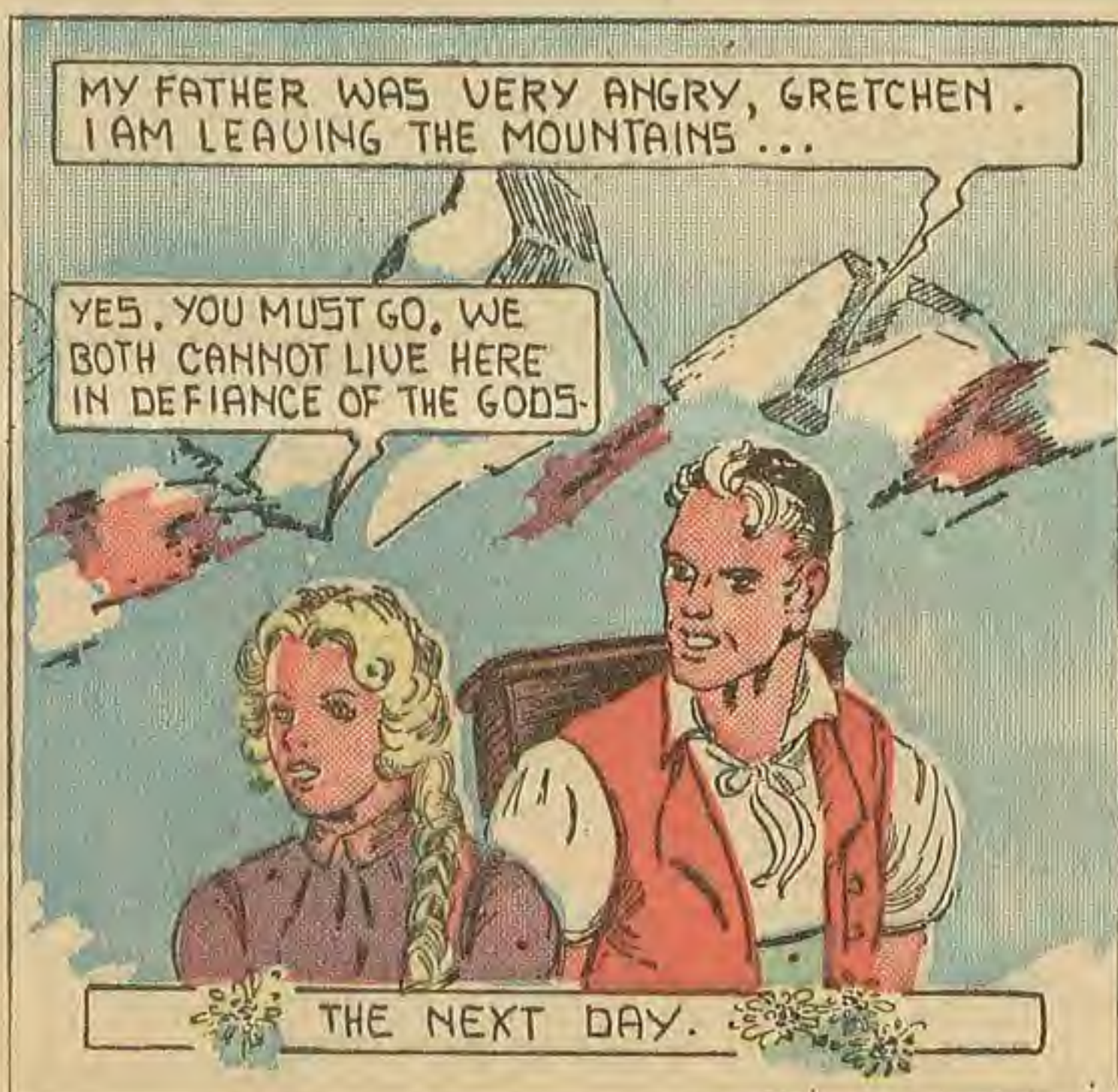
THAT I MUST HATE HER FOR A DEED COMMITTED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO... PERHAPS FATHER WILL SEE IT AS I DO...

ADOLPHE RETURNS THOUGHTFULLY TO HIS FATHER'S CABIN.



DO NOT FORGET IT WAS A NISSON WHO KILLED YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND BURIED HIS BODY IN THE GLACIER! RATHER YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE MOUNTAINS...

I UNDERSTAND, FATHER, ...YET...



MY FATHER WAS VERY ANGRY, GRETCHEN. I AM LEAVING THE MOUNTAINS...

YES, YOU MUST GO. WE BOTH CANNOT LIVE HERE IN DEFIANCE OF THE GODS.

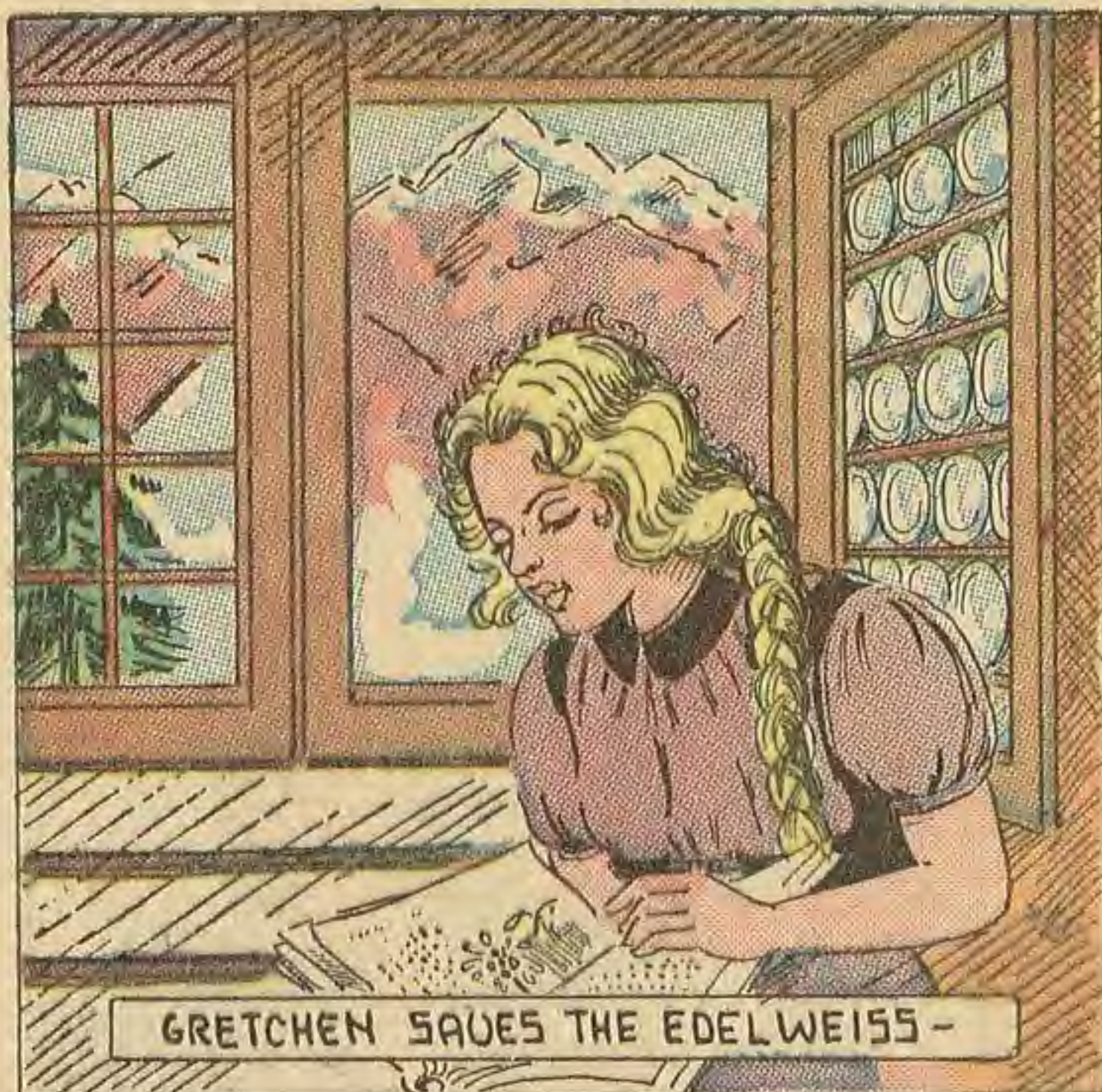
THE NEXT DAY.



I AM VERY STRONG, SIR, AND WILL WORK HARD.

ADOLPHE SEEKS WORK AS A MOUNTAIN GUIDE.





GRETCHEN SAVES THE EDELWEISS -



AND ON CLEAR DAYS SHE GOES OUT BY HERSELF ON A LEDGE ABOVE TO WATCH TOURISTS CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.



COME ON, ADOLPHE - WHY SO QUIET?

OH, NOTHING ---



LOOK, ADOLPHE! SOMEONE HAS FALLEN FROM THE LEDGE!



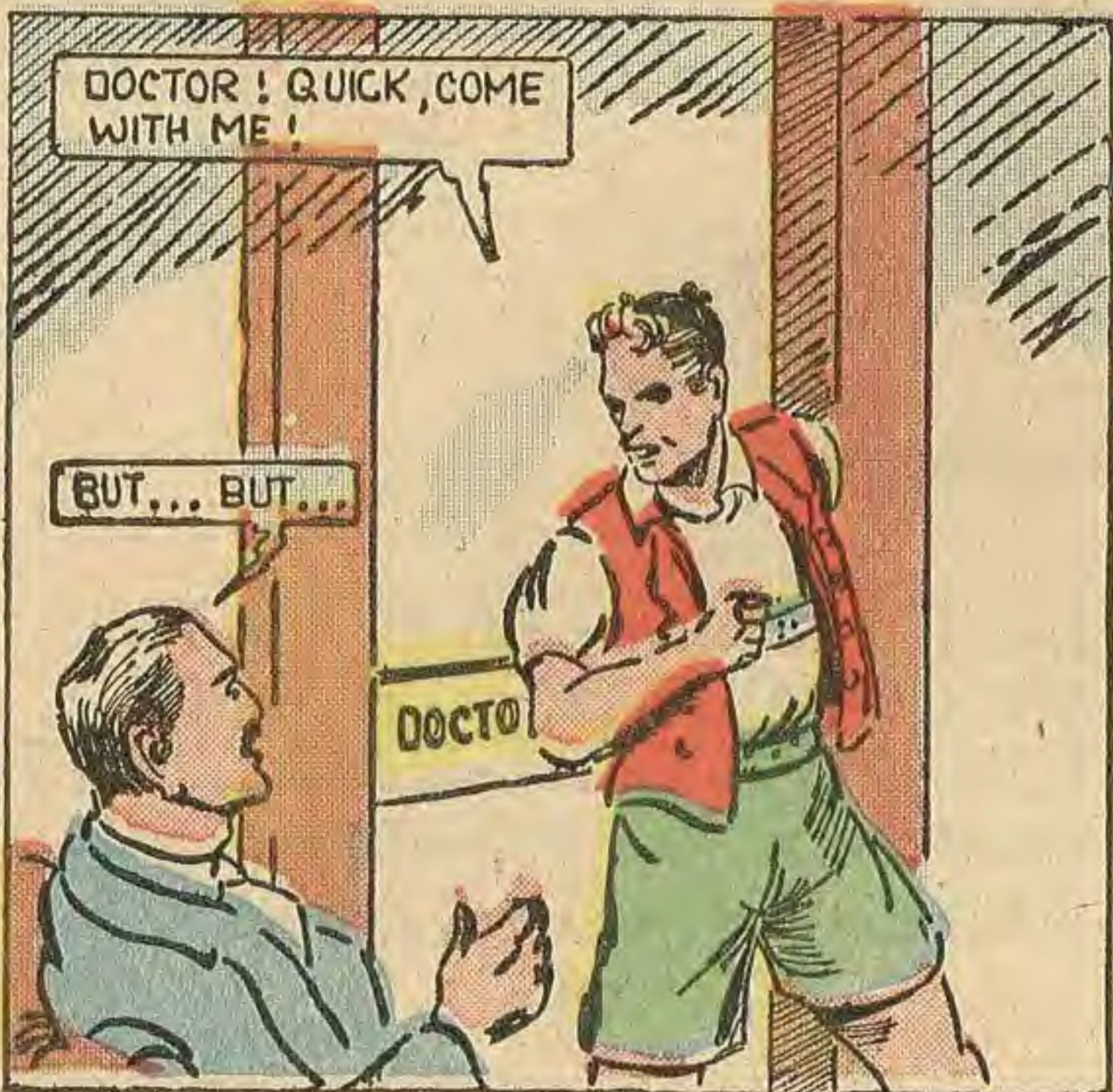
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD? YOU CAN BE OF NO HELP NOW?









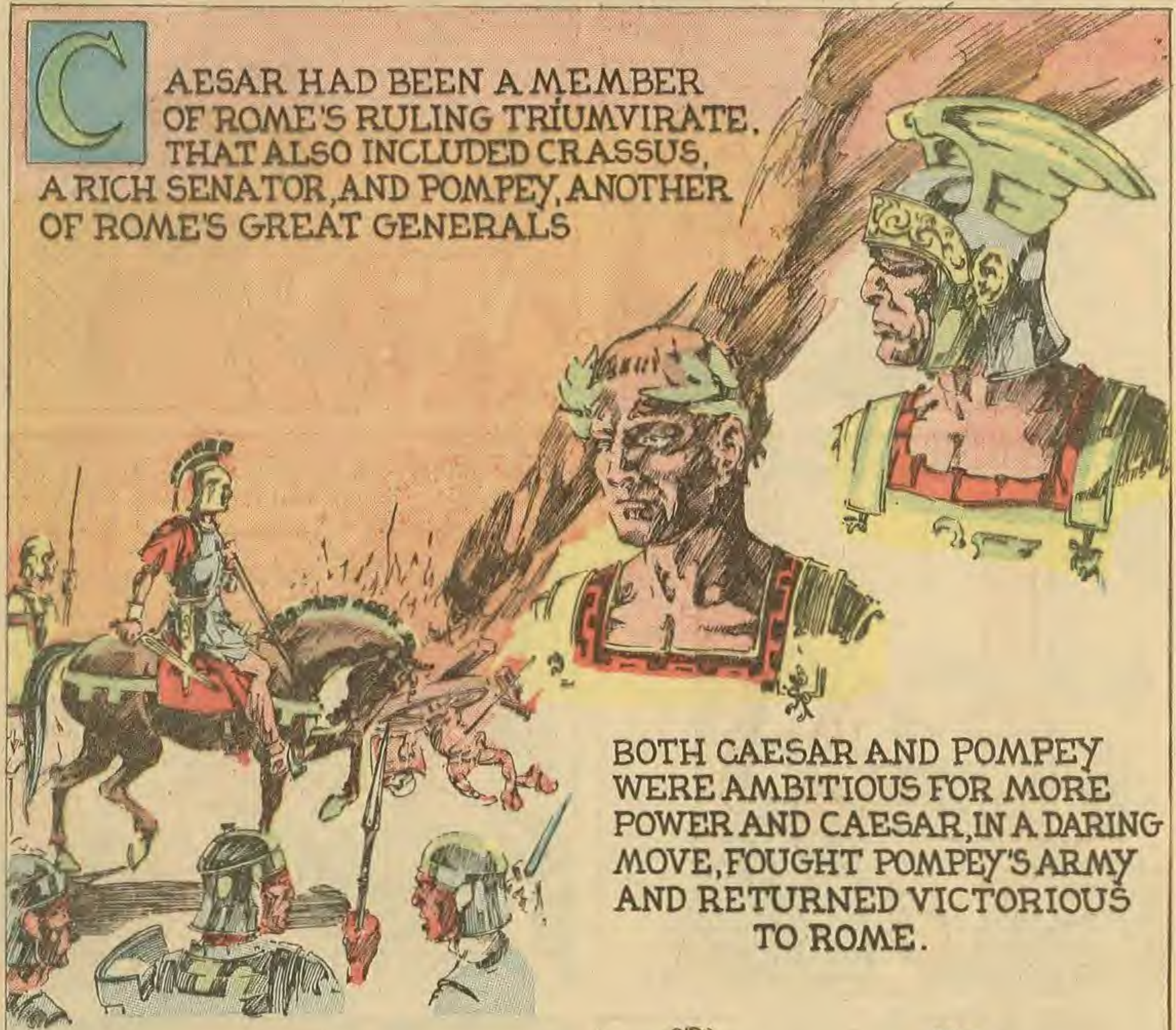




# *The Sources of* **FAMOUS QUOTATIONS**

C

AESAR HAD BEEN A MEMBER OF ROME'S RULING TRIUMVIRATE, THAT ALSO INCLUDED CRASSUS, A RICH SENATOR, AND POMPEY, ANOTHER OF ROME'S GREAT GENERALS



BOTH CAESAR AND POMPEY WERE AMBITIOUS FOR MORE POWER AND CAESAR, IN A DARING MOVE, FOUGHT POMPEY'S ARMY AND RETURNED VICTORIOUS TO ROME.

THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH PLEBIANS AND PATRICIANS AND THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT IS EVERYWHERE IN EVIDENCE.





When Dan Hastings left the offices of the American-Earth War Department in Upper Mercury, he was dressed as a civilian for the first time in three years. Exal, his little Mercurian servant accompanied him toward the commercial transport station.

There they boarded a passenger space ship. Dan had reserved a private stateroom in advance and the two went at once to their quarters, Exal jabbering directions in his native tongue to the Mercurian station help, who were loading Dan's baggage.

Both Dan and Exal slept soundly during the trip and when they awoke the ship had landed and the crew already was unloading the baggage. Dan and Exal took the radio-controlled shuttle car to the Earth-American Hotel, situated in the midst of Mercury's playland.

Approaching the desk, Dan said to the clerk, "A room and bath will be sufficient. Something light and pleasant. I'll probably be here a week at least."

The clerk, an American, with a slight chin and nervous eyes, handed Dan a plate with a room number on it. "I hope you will enjoy your stay with us," he said mechanically. "Your baggage will be sent up as soon as the porter arranges the lock combination to your door." Then he raised his brows inquiringly. "And your servant?"

Dan smiled. "He's visiting his relatives. Sort of a vacation for him, too. But say, I'd like to transmit a beam radiogram . . ." The clerk pointed to a metal door off the hotel lobby.

"Through there," he directed.

Leaving Exal to see to the baggage, Dan entered the radio office and approached the counter. Taking up the pencil that lay beside the pad, he wrote . . .

"Mrs. Harvey Post, Suite K-5000, Overseer Apartments, New York, USA, The Earth. Dear Mother: Arrived at American-Earth Hotel, Lower Mercury, today. Am well and expect to have an enjoyable time. Love, Jim."

A pleasant-faced woman, perhaps thirty, having streaks of gray in her dark hair, took the message. She counted out the words

"Fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents," she said. "I have allowed for the inter-stellar exchange. We have our own exchange department here."

Dan paid the bill and left, going directly to his room.

"The first thing I'm going to do is to take a bath," Dan said to Exal. "Then I'm going to arrange for your transportation to your folks."

When they next appeared in the lobby, the lights were lit and the carefree voices of men and women rang gayly through the place. Most of the noise could be attributed directly to the excited spectators in the gaming room. Dan and Exal passed at once into the street.

It might have been a half Earth hour later.







that Dan returned to the hotel. He loafed casually about the lobby for a few minutes and then wandered toward the roulette wheel. The pitch of excitement was running high even so early in the progress of the evening.

Dan walked casually to the table "You play in American money, I presume," he said to the sharp-nosed man who was acting as the bank.

"Yes, of course," the man replied in quick staccato. "Do you wish to enter the game, Sir?"

Dan placed five one-thousand-dollar bank notes upon the table. The man picked up the money, inspected it coolly and then pushed a pile of chips to Dan, who at once picked number 13. The wheel spun itself out while gamblers and spectators alike watched in breathless silence. Around the wheel went, slowly hardly visibly at first and then stopping easily, as the ball halted on Dan's number.

The spectators gasped and Dan collected. "Your lucky day," a man said. He was a bulky person, larger than Dan, with bald head and watery eyes. Dan nodded. He recognized the man as R. P. Rocco, the assistant manager of the hotel. Rocco continued "Some say you should quit after a win like that, but I can't agree. Luck runs in cycles. When you find a sample of luck like yours you ought to play it out."

"I'm betting again," Dan answered. "I sort of feel myself that I'll be lucky."

For the next hour, Dan's luck varied, but slowly and surely he was heading toward the loss of his money. At last he turned away.

"Not getting discouraged, are you?" Rocco asked.

"It's no use," Dan said sourly. "I can't win against the wheel." The man's eyes glittered. Then he said suavely, "Perhaps you ought to try the cards. Will you sit a few hands? A gentleman's game, of course. . . . Incidentally, my name is Rocco. . . ."

"Yes, I know. Mine is Post, James Post. Yes, I'll play with you, Mr. Rocco." Together they went to a table, sat down.

Two hours later Dan sat across from a smiling Rocco. Dan's chips were depleted, Rocco's doubled. Dan rose.

"Mr. Rocco," he said. "I'm broke and you're a crook!" Rocco blanched, got half up from his chair.

"That's a serious thing to say, Mr. Post. This is a reputable American hotel."

"I'm going to report you to the authorities. There are ways to stop this gambling, even in these resorts of Lower Mercury." Dan's voice showed plainly his chagrin.

"You'll have to prove it."

"I've got money and influence," Dan answered. "Gambling is illegal. I need no other proof than that you are running a gambling house."



Dan left the gaming room and went into the lobby. The general hubbub had drowned out his argument with Rocco and he left practically unnoticed, except for the evidently badly worried assistant manager of the Earth-American Hotel.

Going at once to the desk, he gave instructions for the removal of his baggage. Then he went to his room, collected a few of his immediate personal effects and left.

It was so hot outside the insulated building that even in the darkness the perspiration actually soaked through his clothing. He hailed a shuttle car and was about to step to the waiting platform when a hard object was placed against his back and a smooth voice whispered, "Don't put your hands up. Just move ahead of me. One false motion and I'll burn you with this ray gun."

Dan could not argue. He followed directions.

"Turn to the right and go down that alley," the man said. "Don't try to run away. I got sudden death in my hands." Dan turned, led the way down a concrete ramp toward the rear of the hotel. "Now open that door and enter," said Dan's captor.

They entered a lighted hallway in the hotel basement. The walls were solid and drab. The atmosphere was permeated with a certain hot stuffiness. Though the lights were on, Dan did not dare look behind him. Yet, he knew without looking that the one with the gun in his back was Rocco.

"Take that door to the right."

Dan went inside. The room was plain and lighted.

"Raise your hands above your head and stand across the room with your back to the wall." Following directions, Dan for the first time confirmed his convictions. Rocco stood before him, his thick lips drawn into a hateful smirk.

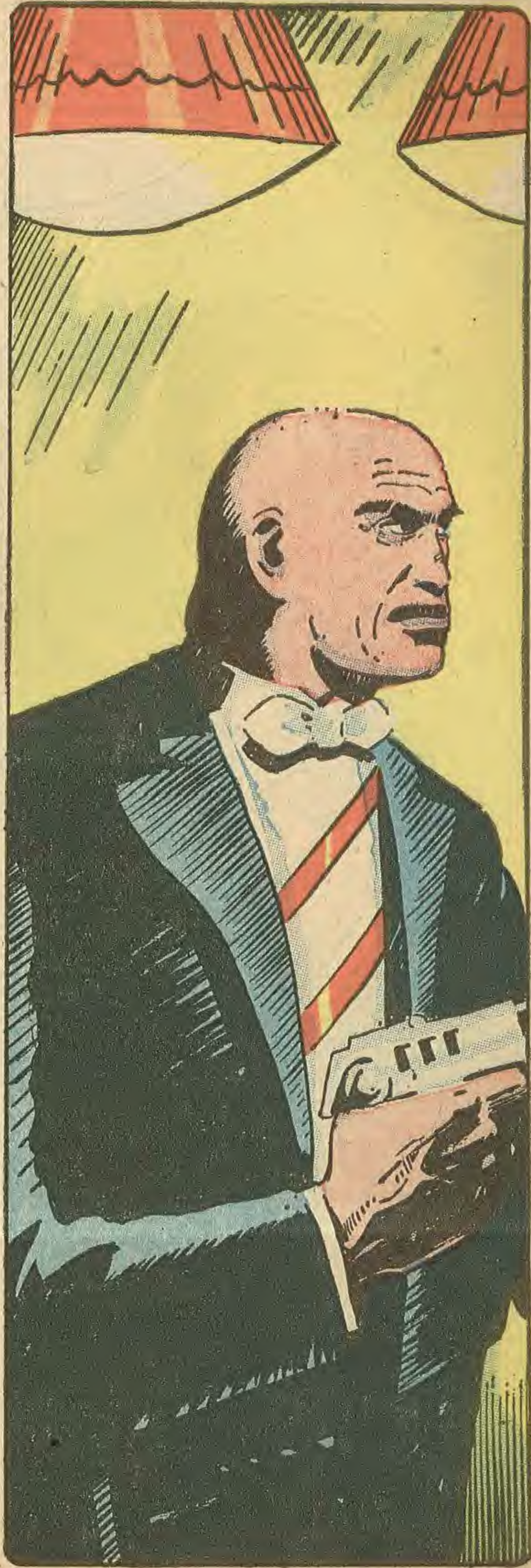
"So, you're going to report me . . . HASTINGS!" Rocco sneered and Dan started visibly.

"I was going to," he answered. "Now it looks as if someone else would have to do it . . ." The other laughed, almost gleefully.

"That's your opinion," he told Dan. "There's not a chance of anyone's catching on to my game. There's only two other people in the universe that know what I'm doing and they're scared of their own lives. I got plenty on both of them."

"How do you hope to cover yourself forever, Rocco?" Dan was stalling and Rocco sneered.

"Open that door beside you," said Rocco. "You'll see one reason." Dan turned about, opened the door, knowing that Rocco was certain for some reason that he would not try to escape through it. Hot moist fumes greeted him, poured into the room in such volume that Dan stepped back, coughing. Rocco laughed.







There's the answer. That's why they won't catch me. They'll never find any trace of the bodies. It's why they'll never find you, Hastings."

"The lava river!"

The thought of being cast into this boiling melting pot sent even Dan's brain reeling, and he had faced many dangers.

"It flows conveniently under the building," explained Rocco. "That door opens there to allow workmen to clean the vent that leads up through the center of the building to the roof. It makes a very convenient way to dispose of troublesome people."

"It's inhuman!" Dan gasped . . . "Rocco, you're a maniac."

"Oh, no," Rocco laughed, his eyes becoming mere pouted slits in his thick face. "Death is sudden. You fall into it and after one or two shrieks of pain you don't call any more. Most times, though, I've used the ray gun first . . ."

"Well, why don't you now and get it over with?" Dan demanded.

"Because I want to tell you how very foolish it was for you to try to trick me. You see, from the day you left the Mercurian base I have known about your plans."

"Then there's a leak at the source, because all my instructions were given in strictest confidence . . ."

"You know a man named Severs?" Rocco asked.

"Not Bill Severs, aide to Commander Bridges!"

"Why not?" Rocco said. "He committed a very grave crime once . . . a murder and I happen to know it. Would he be apt to argue with me? Maybe you thought your message would be sent to your 'mother' but the little lady was watching for you and it never went out. I knew that message would be sent when you got here. Even knew what you were going to say."

"There's one thing that you didn't figure, though," said Dan slowly. "That is that the woman's failure to send that message has practically sealed her doom . . . and yours, too."

Rocco whitened at the deadly earnestness with which Dan spoke. He took a step forward.

"Explain yourself, Hastings! Before you burn on the spot!"

"Certainly," Dan replied. "At this very minute there are fifty men just outside the building. In a few moments they'll be here to take you back to justice. You can't rob two men by your crooked gambling and then murder them to shut them up and not expect to get caught."

"You lie!" shouted Rocco.

It was Dan's turn to smile. "There was one bit of instruction that was given where Severs couldn't hear. We suspected him and knew that someone in the radio office was





taking his messages. That's why the formal investigations were such a failure. If my message had gone through it would have been a signal that there was no suspicion against the radio office. The message would have been relayed back from the Earth to the Mercurian base. Their failure to receive it inside of two hours after the arrival due time of the passenger transport in which I traveled here, was a signal to notify the police of Lower Mercury in this vicinity. Since then every official of this hotel has been watched in every one of his moves!"

Rocco laughed again, but this time with a nervous tremor in his voice. It died out immediately as a heavy rap sounded at the door from the hallway outside.

"Did I lie, Rocco?"

Rocco was plainly alarmed. "Tell them I'm not here!" he ordered. "Or by this universe, I'll blow you to bits!"

"That's a chance I'll have to take. They'll break down the door anyway." The pounding increased.

"Tell them anyway . . . get them out of here!"

"I don't know the combination to the lock," said Dan.

"I'll give it to you! You tell 'em!"

Rocco moved near the lock, as Dan bent his body momentarily to the combination. Then with the swiftness of a tiger, Dan sprang at Rocco. Rocco sensed his coming and turned on him, the ray gun spitting death. Fire blazed past Dan's cheek as he landed on the other's huge body.

The gun dropped to the floor. Dan grabbed it and threw it from him and saw from the corner of his eye that it spun across the floor and out the open trap to the molten river. Rocco dropped his body down on top of Dan, knocking the wind from him.

Dan twisted but Rocco's huge frame seemed to pin him to the floor. Cursing, the big man brought his fists down on the back of Dan's skull, sending the light momentarily into many shades of color. Rocco took Dan by the hair, raised his head upward and smashed his face down against the metallic floor. Dan groaned audibly and the other renewed his attack with a fury that the hardened army lieutenant never before had seen in a human being.

In the heat of his attack, however, Rocco grew careless with his defense. Dan, seeing the opening, slipped between Rocco's legs and rose with an effort to his feet. Rocco by now was a fuming giant, an erupting human



volcano, and he rushed Dan, his head down like a maddened bull. Dan tried to step to one side, but the gambler noted the movements in his legs and swerved, butting into Dan's middle and sending him reeling across the room. Even above the scuffling the pounding on the door could be heard in increased intent.

It only served to renew the force of Rocco's attack. He threw himself upon Dan again and Dan bashed with a stiff right that caught Rocco in the jaw and sank into the cheek bone. But Rocco brushed the blow away as if it were but a mosquito stinging him and bored in, smashing Dan up against the wall.

Fumes in the room were thick now and the deadly gas from the lava river choked him, burned his eyes, scraped his throat. Rocco lifted him bodily and rushed toward the open trapway. In a momentous effort, Dan wriggled free from the death grip of the other and rolled off to the floor again. Rocco followed up the attack immediately as the pounding on the door increased, now seeming as if there would be but minutes before the door would be battered from its hinges.

Rocco came in and Dan shot out rights and lefts that this time had a telling effect on the other. Rocco grunted.

"I'll get you, Hastings, if I have to drag myself into the hot river to get you there," he panted.

Dan did not answer. He was saving his breath, calculating, as the roaring blast furnace came at him. Smashing in again as Dan waited his attack, Rocco made a lunge for Dan's throat. Dan caught him by the back of the neck, threw him over his hips. The mad one roared as he landed on the floor, turned his body and Dan sprang upon him. Together they rolled over.

In a fleeting glimpse of almost half consciousness, Dan found his face directly over the fuming river with Rocco tugging at his body. Choking and spitting the foul fumes from his mouth, he found his strength weakening against the heavier opponent. Inch by inch, Rocco was forcing him into the lava. Now his shoulders were over the trapway.

In a last supreme effort he raised to his knees and Rocco seemed to slide down over his shoulders. Dan backed into the room and Rocco lost his balance, went tumbling forward. But even in this moment of impending victory for Dan, he could not let the other go to such a death and he grabbed his clothing and hauled him back again, knowing that he was risking his own life in doing so. Rocco had no sense of gratitude in his make up. Moreover, he was a maniac now. But his own nearness to the horrible death he had laid out for Dan momentarily unnerved him. Dan took his advantage and came in hard, knocking out rights and lefts in rapid succession.







Rocco fell back, came in hard again. Dan feinted with his left, dodged away, sprang back quickly and let Rocco have a straight right between the eyes. Rocco shook his head and bored in once more, smashing out blindly. He had disregarded entirely now the bashing against the door that bade well to crash it from its hinges. Dan struck out again, a right, a left and then a hard right that sank Rocco to his knees.

Rocco wavered as he rose to his feet and then sat back dizzily. Dan was breathing hard.

"You ready to go quietly?" Dan asked. Rocco snorted.

Dan went to the door and began to work the combination. The lock tumblers fell into line and Dan turned the knob. With a roar of rage Rocco was on his feet, rushing for the trap door.

"Wait, Rocco, you fool!" Dan shouted.

"They won't take me! They'll never arrest me!" he shrieked. With that he sprang through the trap. There was one more great bellow of pain from Rocco and then silence. Only a greater stream of fumes rose through the trap to tell Dan that Rocco had gone madly to his death.

Dan opened the door.

"Great work, Exal," he said. "You sure battered that door."

The little servant stood wide eyed, his odd little body twisting nervously, shivering. In his hand he held a heavy pipe. The outside of the door was battered and its metal badly bent.

"I'm mighty sorry I had to wish that job on you, Exal, but there was no other way. You're a game little guy."

"Exal watch you very careful. When he see you go down alley he follow with pipe like you say. You all right, Mister Dan?"

"Yeah, Exal. All right. A little scratched up but all right. Come on, though. I've got to make a phone call."

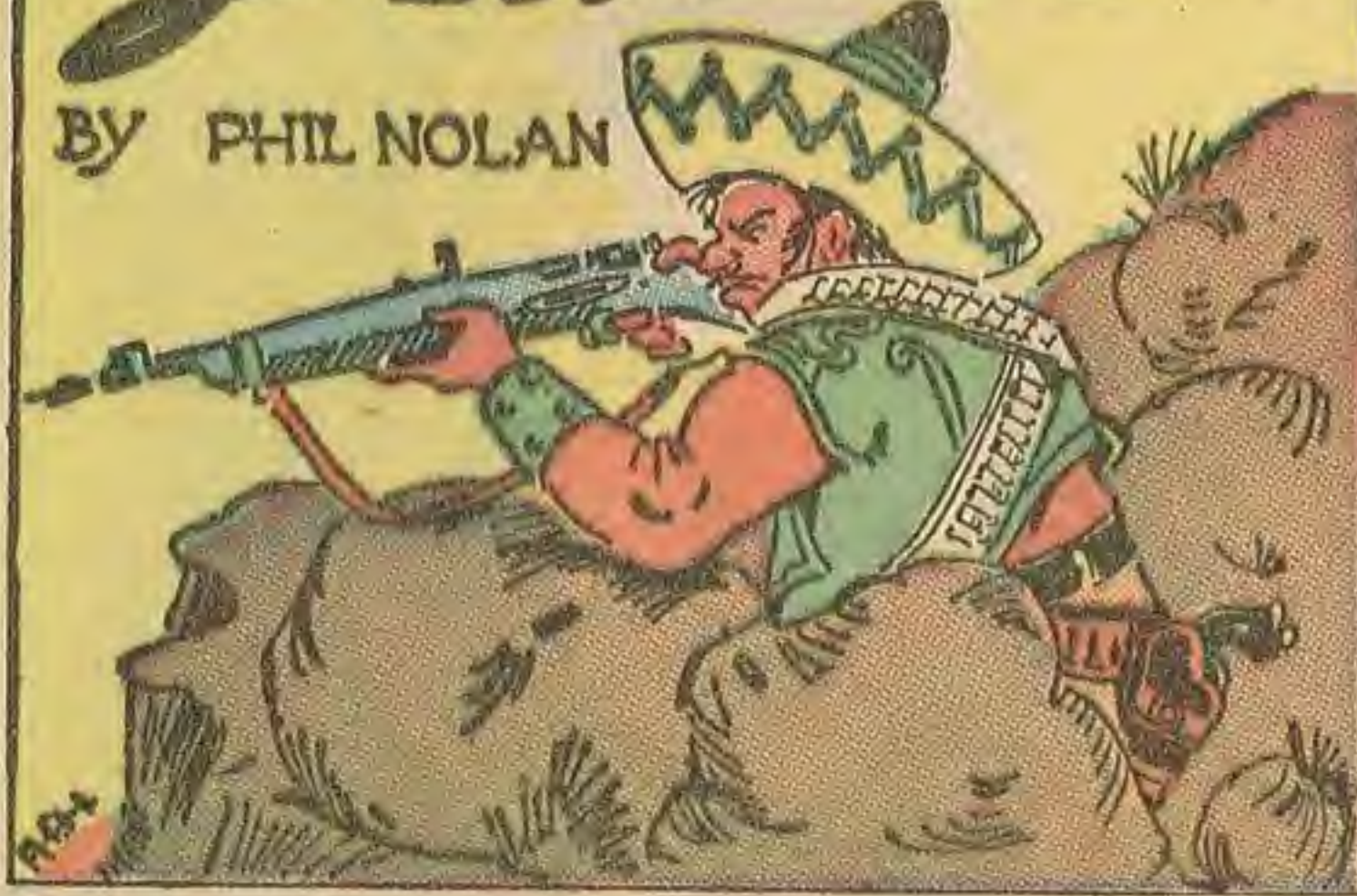
Dan emerged from the phone booth and waited. Shortly thereafter a policeman entered the lobby. Dan went into the beam radio room. The woman who had taken the wire was at the counter. Dan took the pad and pencil again and wrote. "Commander H. M. Kellesy, US Earth Base Station, Upper Mercury, You were right about Severs. Rocco dead and his only other accomplice is about to be arrested." He handed the wire to the woman. She began to read and then her face took on a look of horror. "Oh! No!" Instinctively she drew away.

The policeman came in and tapped her on the shoulder, placed handcuffs on her wrists.



# Smugglers Tracks

BY PHIL NOLAN



Y'KNOW, JIM, THINGS HAS BEEN PURTY QUIET ALONG THE BORDER LATELY.

YOU'RE RIGHT, FUZZY!



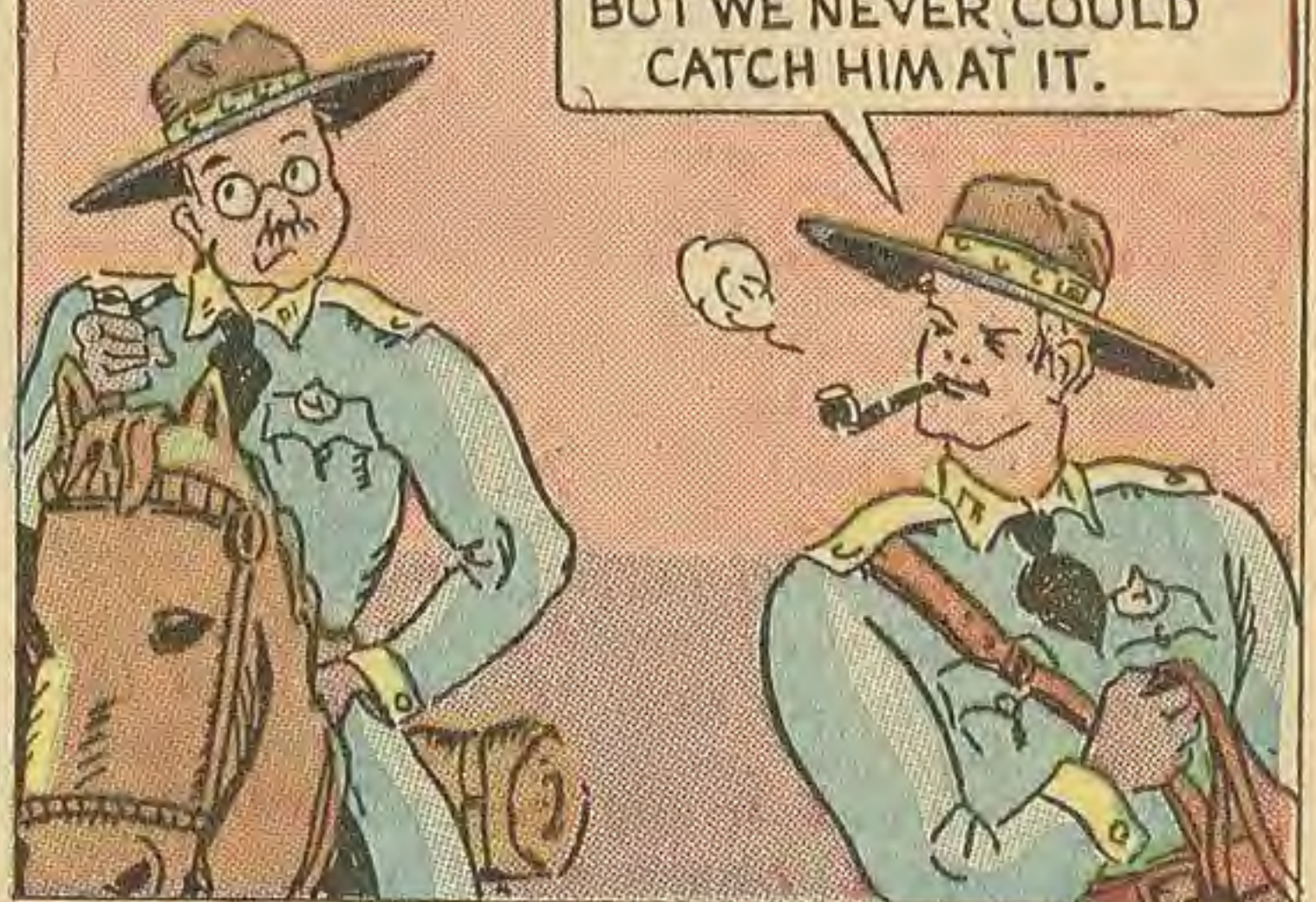
'BOUT TIME TH' SMUGGLERS TRIED T'GIT ALOAD OF HEATHENS ACROSS!

NOT EF WE KIN HELP IT!



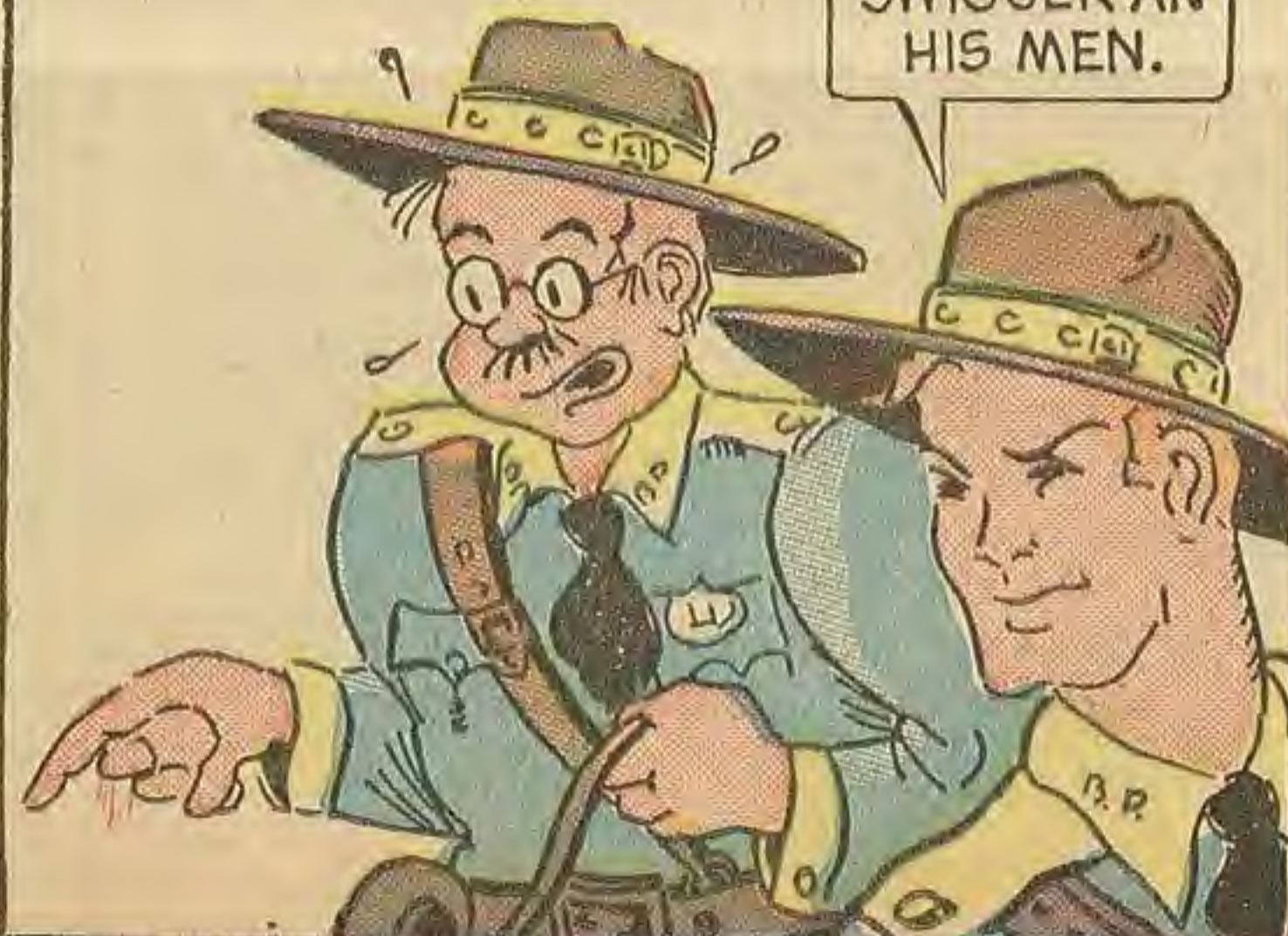
I'LL BET A MONTH'S PAY THET SWIGGER IS THE LEADER O'THEM SMUGGLERS!

GUESS YORE RIGHT, FUZZY, BUT WE NEVER COULD CATCH HIM AT IT.



WAL, LOOKY HERE!...SPEAK O' THE DEVIL AN' UP HE POPS!

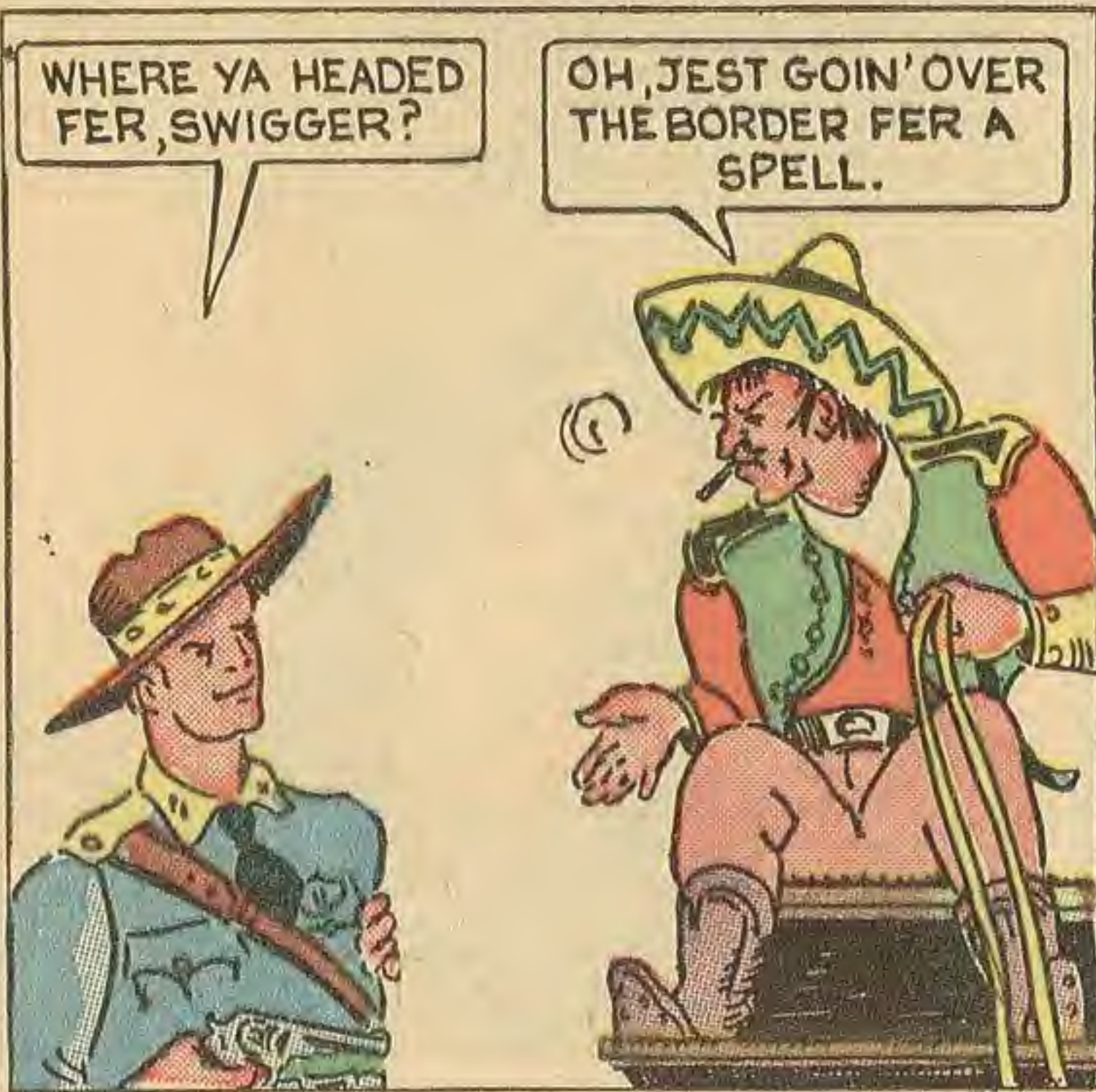
YUP! THET'S SWIGGER AN' HIS MEN.



HOLD ON, THAR, SWIGGER!

















THINK YORE PURTY SMART, EH?  
WELL, THIS'LL LEARN YA!



WE'LL PLUG EVERY ONE  
O' YA THET MAKES A  
FALSE MOVE!



I GIVE UP!...BUT HOW  
DID YOU KNOW WE  
WUZ IN THE WAGON?

SHUCKS! WE'VE  
BEEN SEEIN' PETE  
CROSS THE BORDER  
FER TEN YEARS--



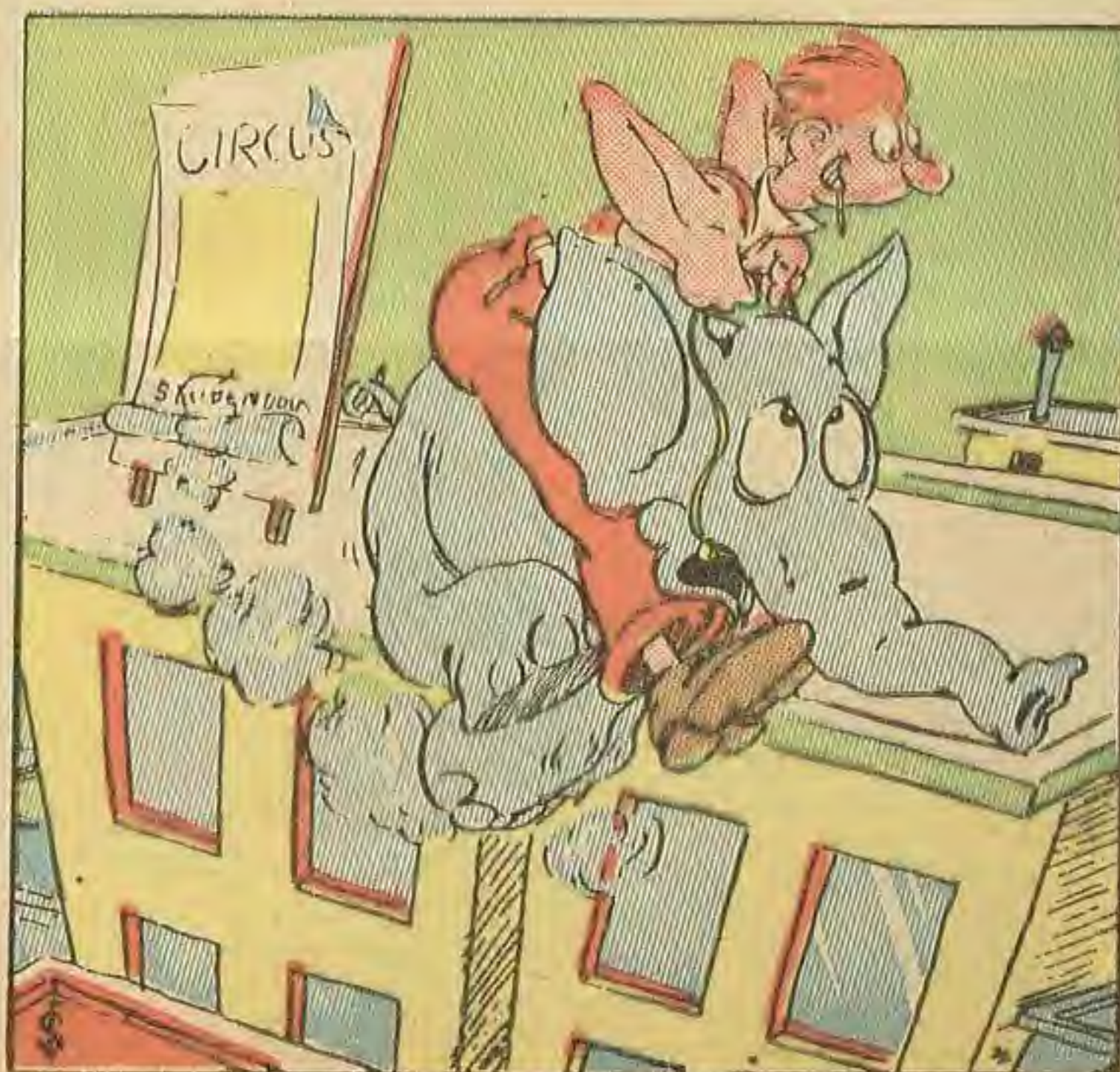
AN' HIS WAGON TRACKS  
WUZ MUCH DEEPER THAN  
EVER BEFORE. WE KNEW  
HE HAD A EXTRY HEAVY LOAD!

SURE, SO WE JEST  
FOLLOWED YA UP HEAH!





# Jack POTT'S







AWAY WAY OFF IN TURVY LAND  
A LITTLE BOY LAY SICK,  
AND DOCTOR GRIPPE, WITH BAG IN HAND,  
WAS RUSHED THERE MIGHTY QUICK.



THE LITTLE TOTS WENT RIGHT ALONG  
TO SEE WHERE HE WAS BOUND,  
AND FIND WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS WORLD  
WHEN SICKNESS IS AROUND.



THEY SAW A CURLY HEADED CHAP  
LAY CUDDLED IN HIS BED -  
HE LAY THERE WITH A FEVER, AND  
A BAD COLD IN HIS HEAD.



THE DOCTOR SPOKE IN FEARFUL TONE:  
"HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO TELL -  
DON'T DISOBEY WHAT E'ER I SAY  
IF YOU WOULD SEE HIM WELL."



THEN HE WROTE OUT HIS ORDERS BOLD  
HE WROTE THEM ON HIS PAD -  
"YOU LOSE NO TIME TO GET THIS FILLED  
AND GIVE IT TO THIS LAD."





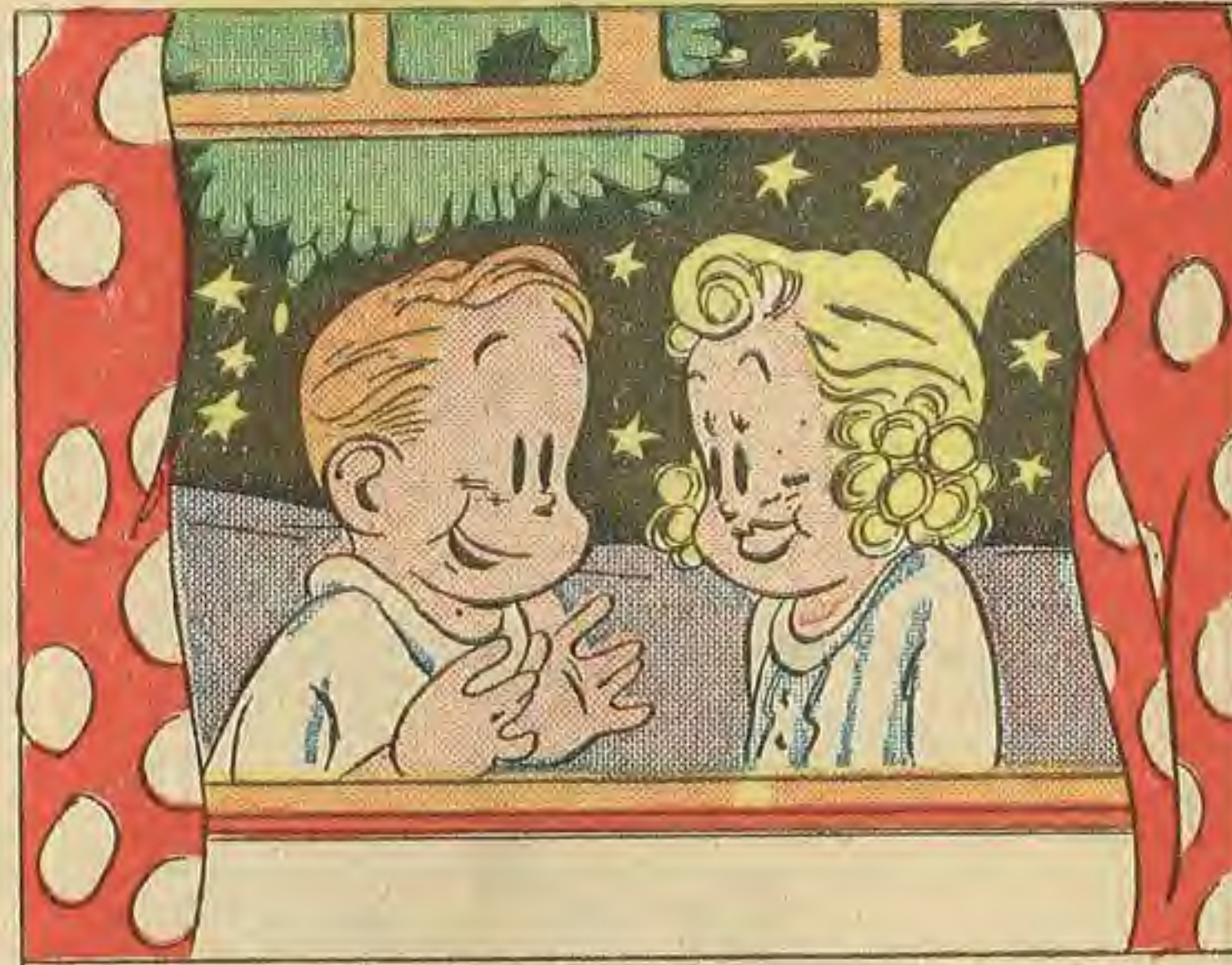
"GIVE HIM A QUART OF FRESH ICE CREAM, AND PILE HIS PLATE WAY HIGH WITH CANDY FRUIT AND THINGS LIKE THAT, AND DON'T FORGET SOME PIE.



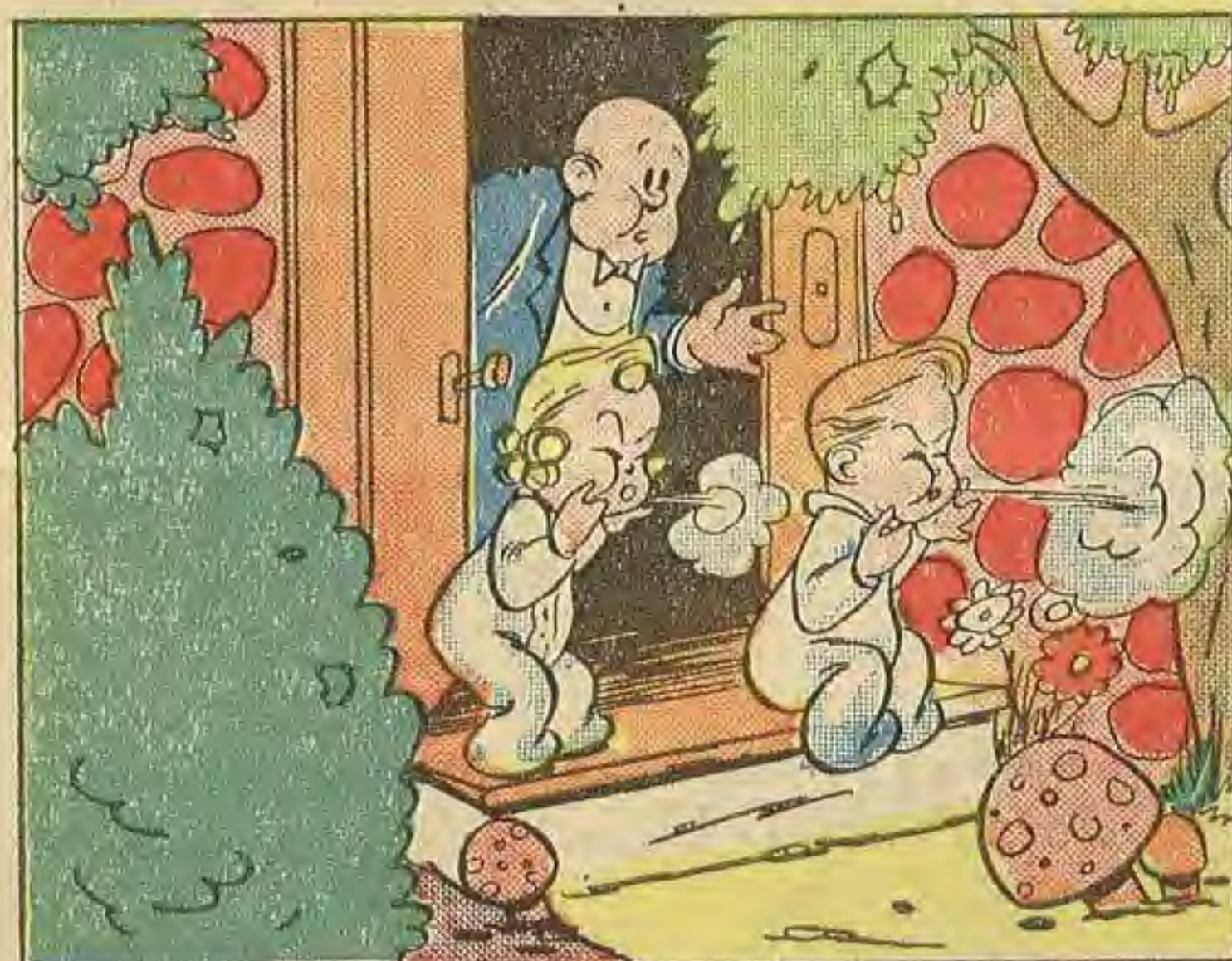
"STRAWBERRY CAKE WITH LOTS OF CREAM CUT IN A GREAT, BIG SLICE - MARSHMALLOW BARS AND TAFFY JARS I THINK WOULD BE QUITE NICE.



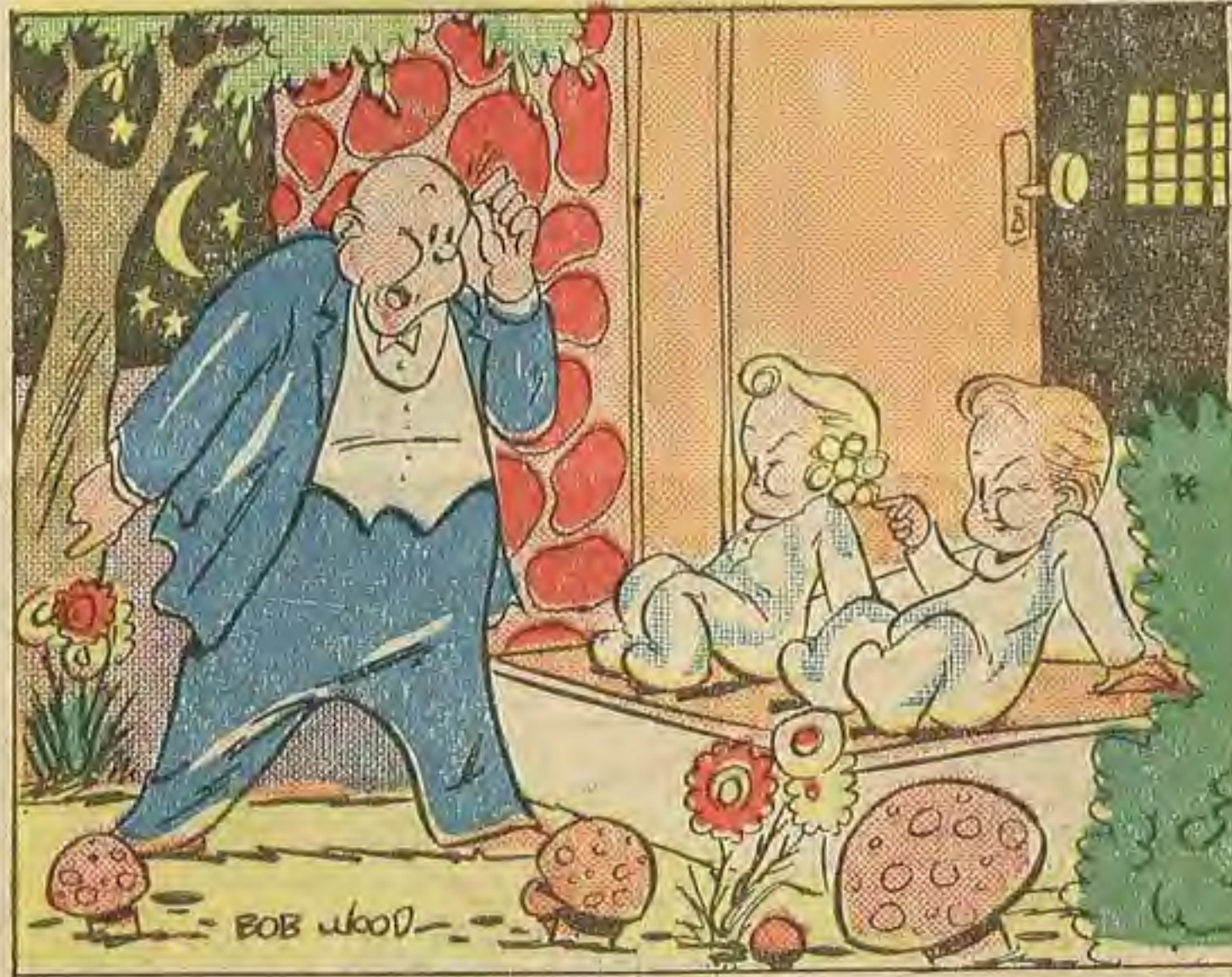
" SWEET JELLY THINGS AND PUDDING, TOO, A JUICY PEACH OF COURSE, - AND YOU MAKE SURE THEY'RE FLAVORED RIGHT AND SWEETENED UP WITH SAUCE.



"NOW YOU DO THIS AND I WILL SAY THIS SICKNESS WE WILL FOIL - AND HAVE A CARE AND DON'T YOU DARE TO FEED HIM CASTOR OIL!"



THE LITTLE TOTS DECIDED THEN AS THEY SAT ON THE STOOP - TO COUGH OUT LOUD AND MAKE BELIEVE THEY HAD A TOUCH OF CROUP.



THEY MOANED AND GROANED AND CRIED OUT LOUD: "OH, HELP US, HELP US QUICK! WE'RE COUGHING LOUD, AND CAN'T YOU SEE THAT WE ARE GETTING SICK?"



# Justice TRIUMPHED

1912

HERMAN ROSENTHAL, GAMBLER OF NEW YORK CITY, INVOKED THE DISPLEASURE OF POLICE LIEUTENANT CHARLES BECKER AND HIS UNDERWORLD COHORTS. BECKER, TOGETHER WITH HIS CONFEDERATES, WHO WERE NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS OF THE DAY, ARRANGED TO HAVE ROSENTHAL ASSASSINATED ON JULY 16<sup>TH</sup>. THESE MEN WERE ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER, BROUGHT TO TRIAL AND CONVICTED. THEY WERE EXECUTED AT SING SING. JUSTICE PREVAILED IN THIS CASE.



1926

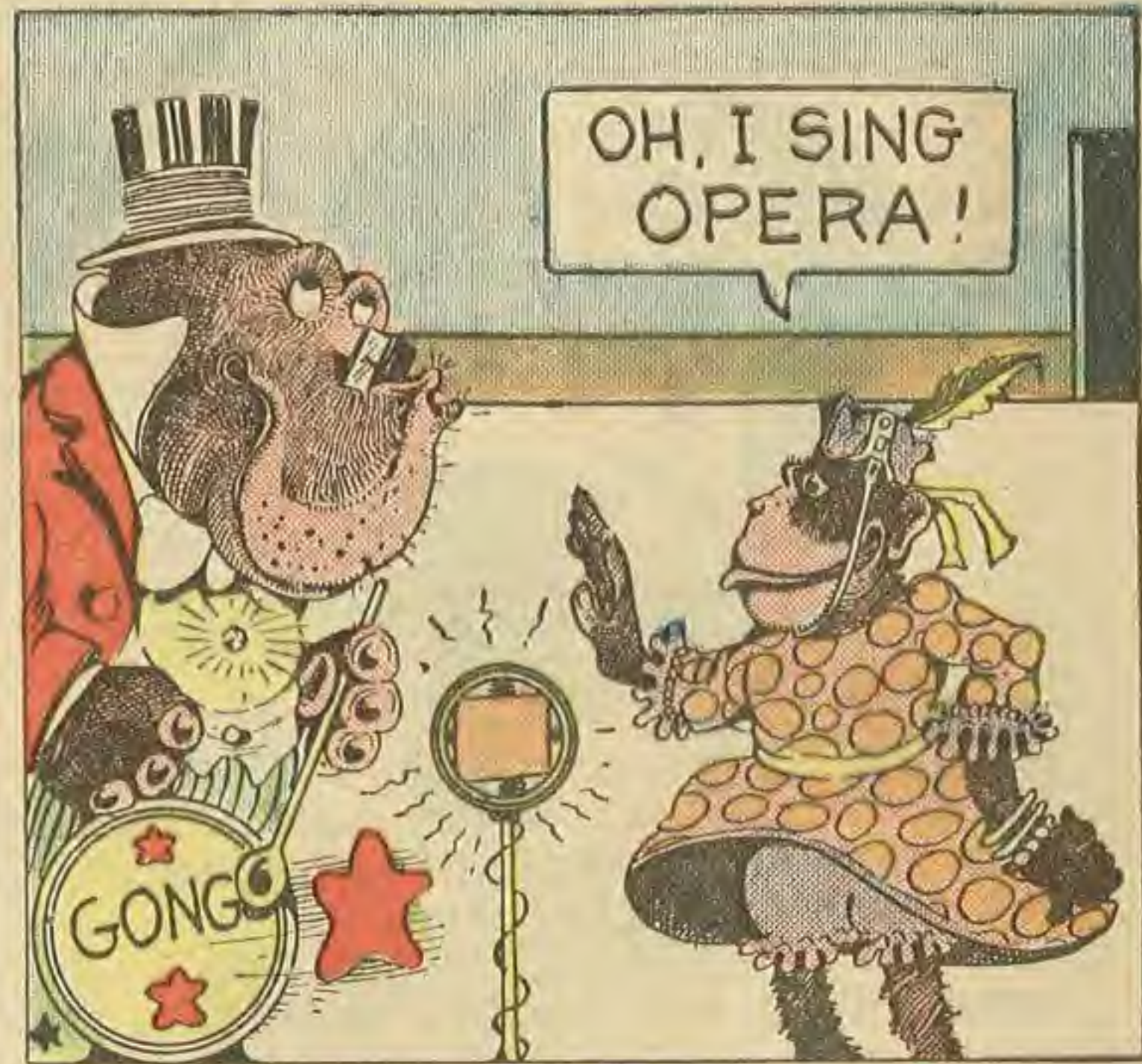
GERALD CHAPMAN, PUBLIC ENEMY WITH A LONG RECORD, HELD UP A MAIL WAGON IN NEW YORK CITY AND GOT 100,000 DOLLARS' WORTH OF BONDS. LATER HE KILLED A POLICEMAN DURING A DARING STORE ROBBERY. HE WAS APPREHENDED, TRIED AND CONVICTED, AND HANGED AT THE CONN. STATE PRISON ON APRIL 6<sup>TH</sup>.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



# BOWS AN' ARROWS





# AD-VENTURES

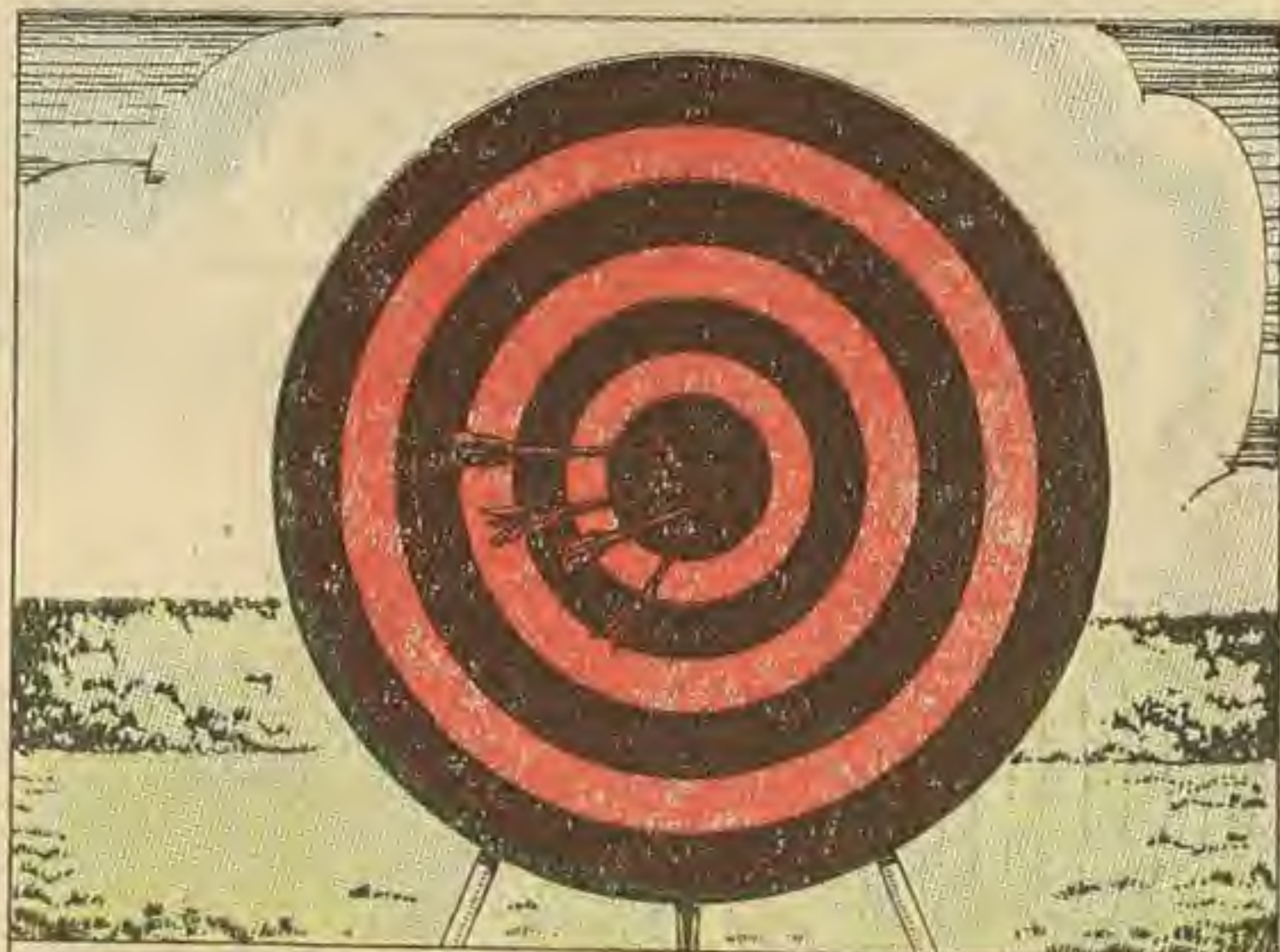
## AT THE CIRCUS



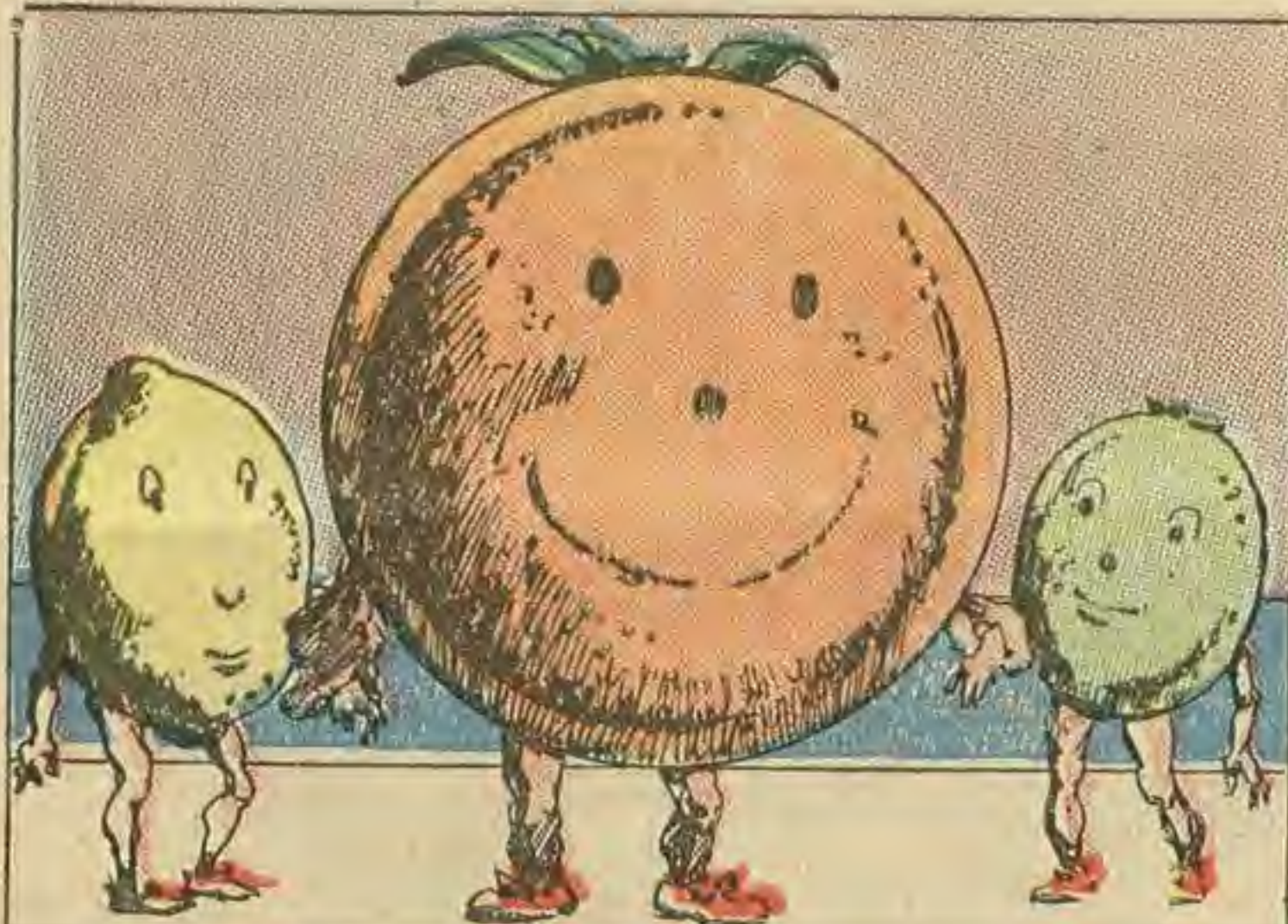
THE GIRL WHO USES ARGO STARCH,  
THE LITTLE "INJUN" MAID,  
DRESSED IN A SUIT OF BANTAM CORN,  
HER HAIR DONE IN A BRAID.



WITH BOW AND ARROW IN HER HAND,  
SHE TAKES A CAREFUL AIM,  
AND HITS THE TARGET IN THE EYE!  
NOW COULD YOU DO THE SAME?



HER STEADY EYE AND STEADY NERVE  
MADE EVERYONE APPLAUD.  
THIS TEST OF SKILL SO FINELY DONE  
STRUCK A RESPONSIVE CHORD.



THE CROWD LET OUT A MIGHTY ROAR -  
THEY CLAPPED THEIR HANDS IN TIME!  
THE SUNKIST ORANGE MAN CAME ON,  
WITH LEMON AND WITH LIME.



HE TOOK THEM BOTH ONE IN EACH HAND,  
AND IN A GLASS HE SQUEEZED 'EM.  
A GALE OF LAUGHTER SWEEPED THE CROWD -  
IT WAS A TRICK THAT PLEASED 'EM!

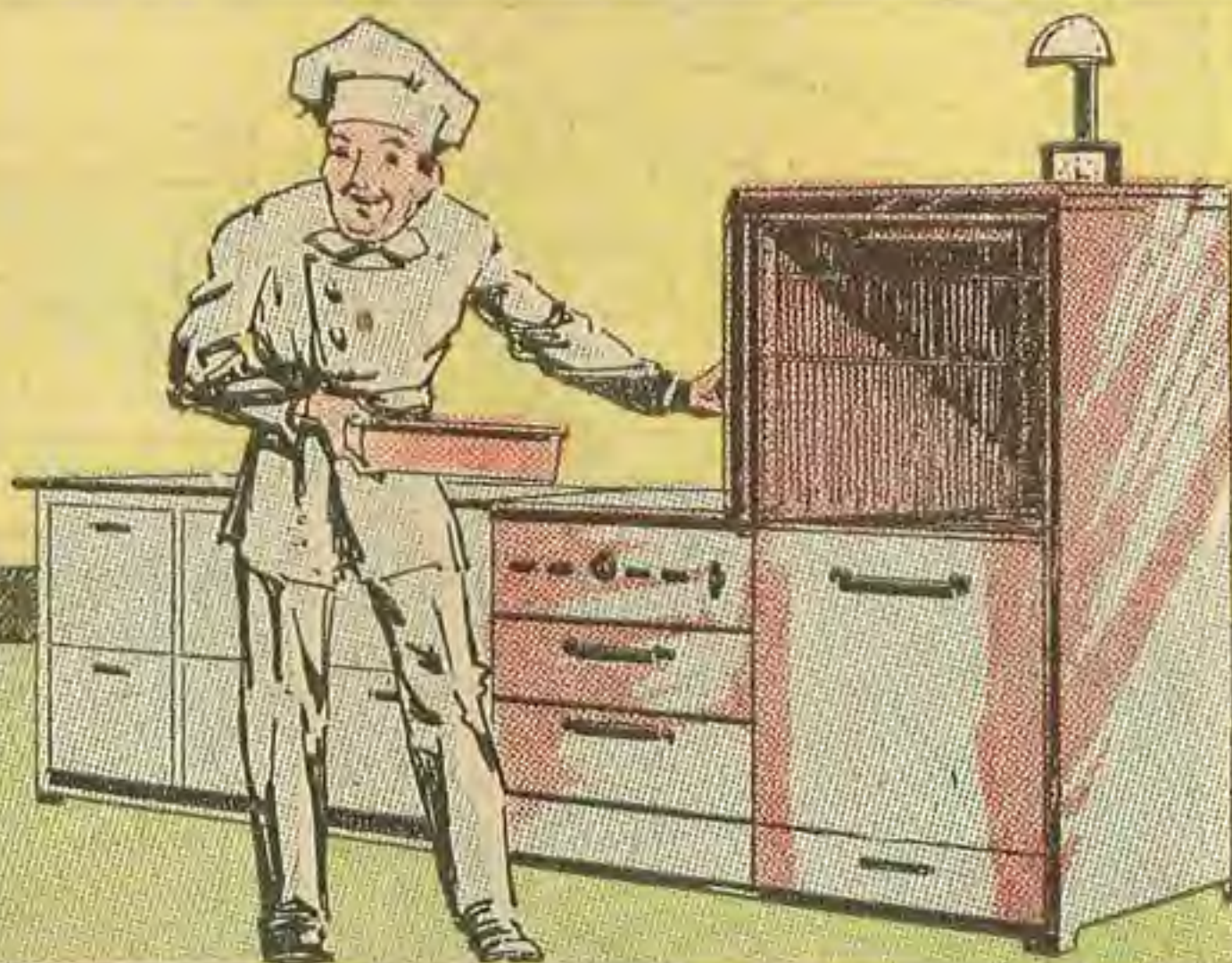




HE THEN JUMPED IN A GLASS HIMSELF -  
YES, QUICKER THAN A WINK! -  
THE THREE HAD NOW BEEN CHANGED INTO  
A SWEET DELICIOUS DRINK!



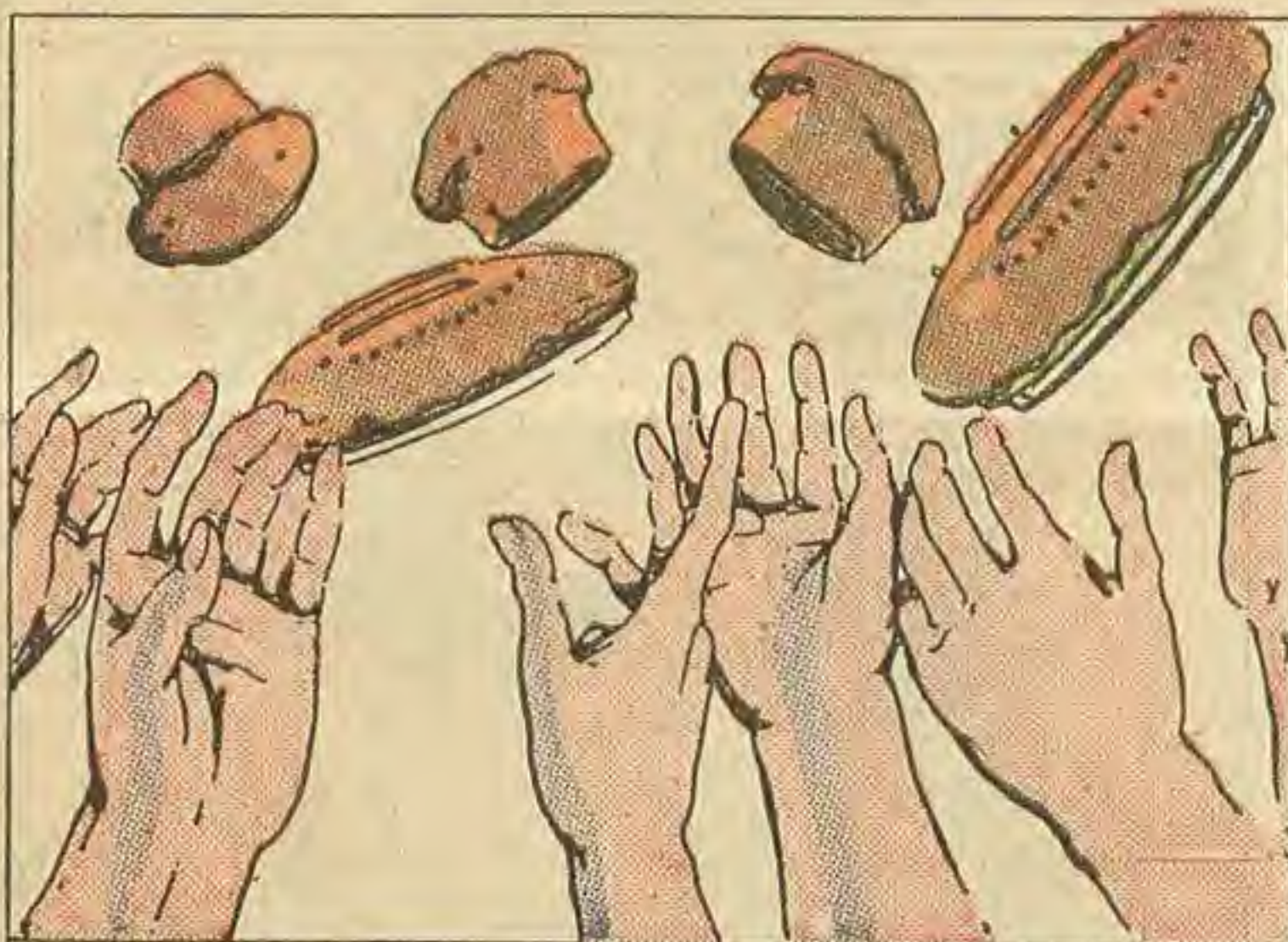
A PEPPY, LITTLE CHAP APPEARED, -  
THEY RECOGNIZED HIM QUICK! -  
'T WAS HAPPY SNAPPY MR. SPRY,  
TO DO A MAGIC TRICK!



HE OPENED UP A LITTLE STOVE -  
'T WAS EMPTY AS COULD BE.  
FOR NOT A THING WAS IN IT THERE,  
AND THAT WAS PLAIN TO SEE.



HE CARRIED IN HIS HAND A CAN,  
(WITH TWINKLE IN HIS EYE)  
HE SPRINKLED IT UPON THE STOVE;  
THEN OUT CAME CAKE AND PIE!



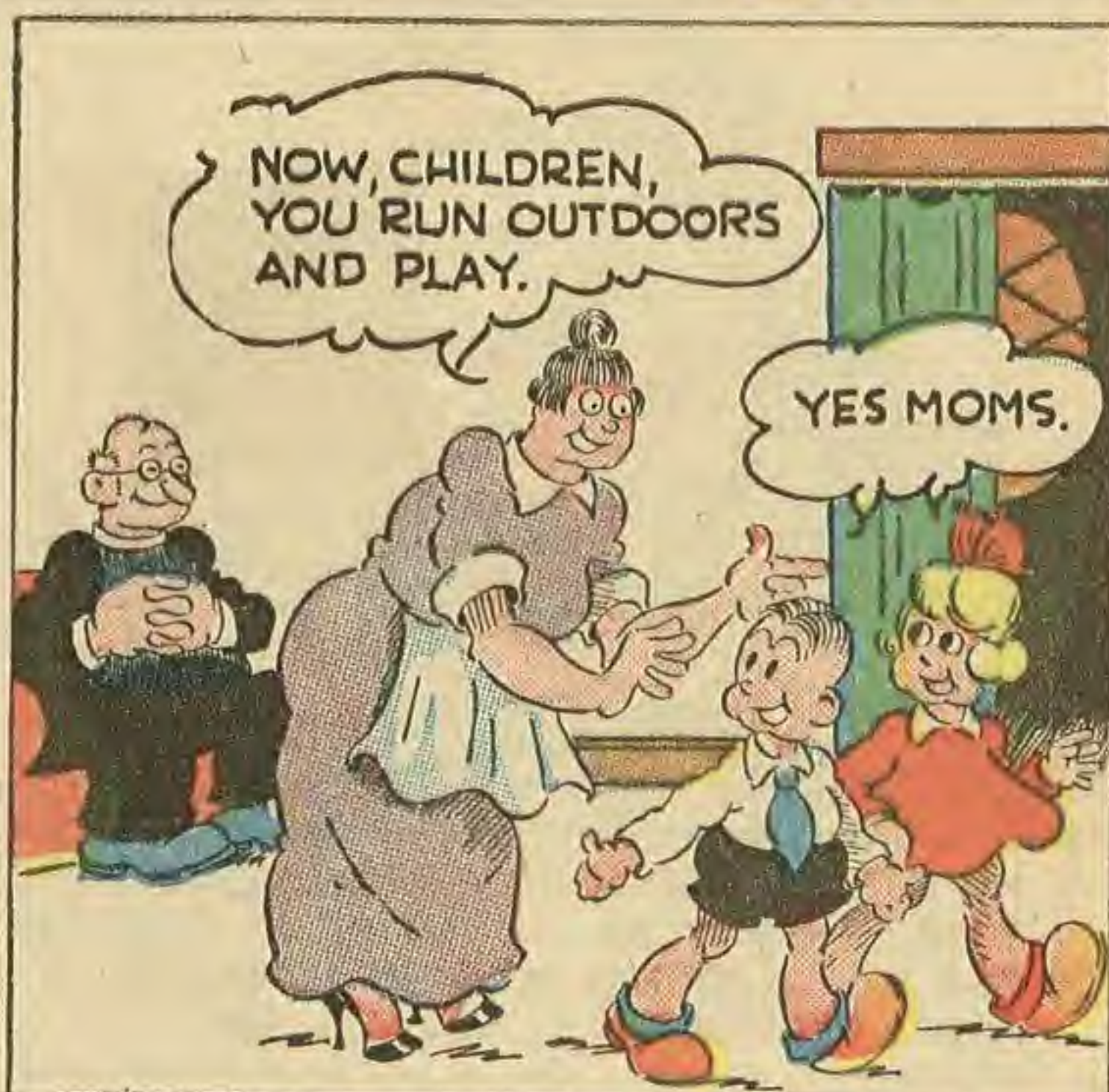
AND WERE THEY GOOD? I'LL SAY THEY WERE!  
THE AUDIENCE WILL, TOO!  
HE TOSSED THEM TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS  
THE MOMENT HE WAS THROUGH.



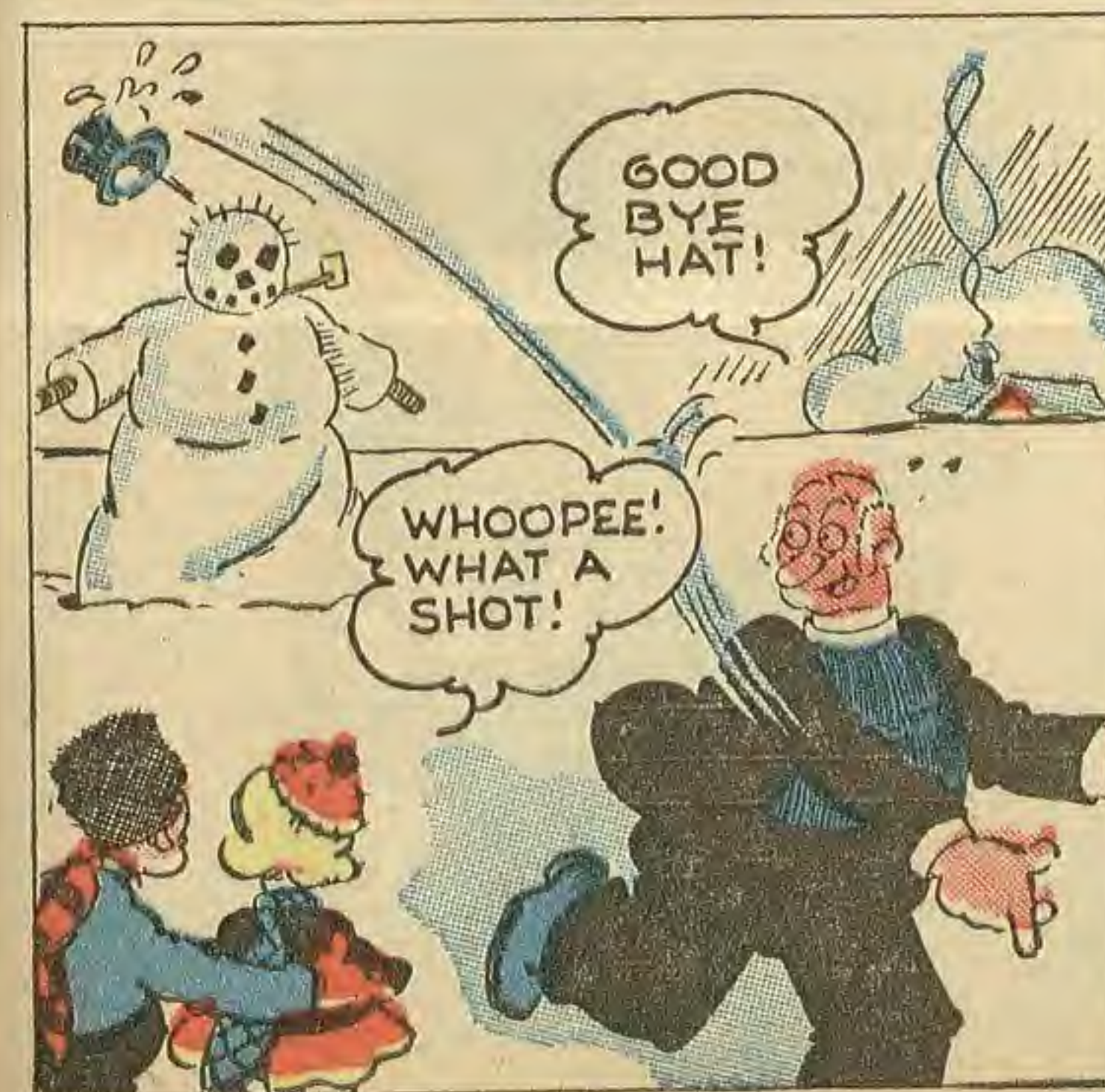
SO WELL DID EVERYONE PERFORM,  
SO WELL THEY PLEASED THE CROWD,  
MA BAKER SERVED THEM COCOA SWEET -  
SHE FELT SO MIGHTY PROUD!



# Bib and Tucker

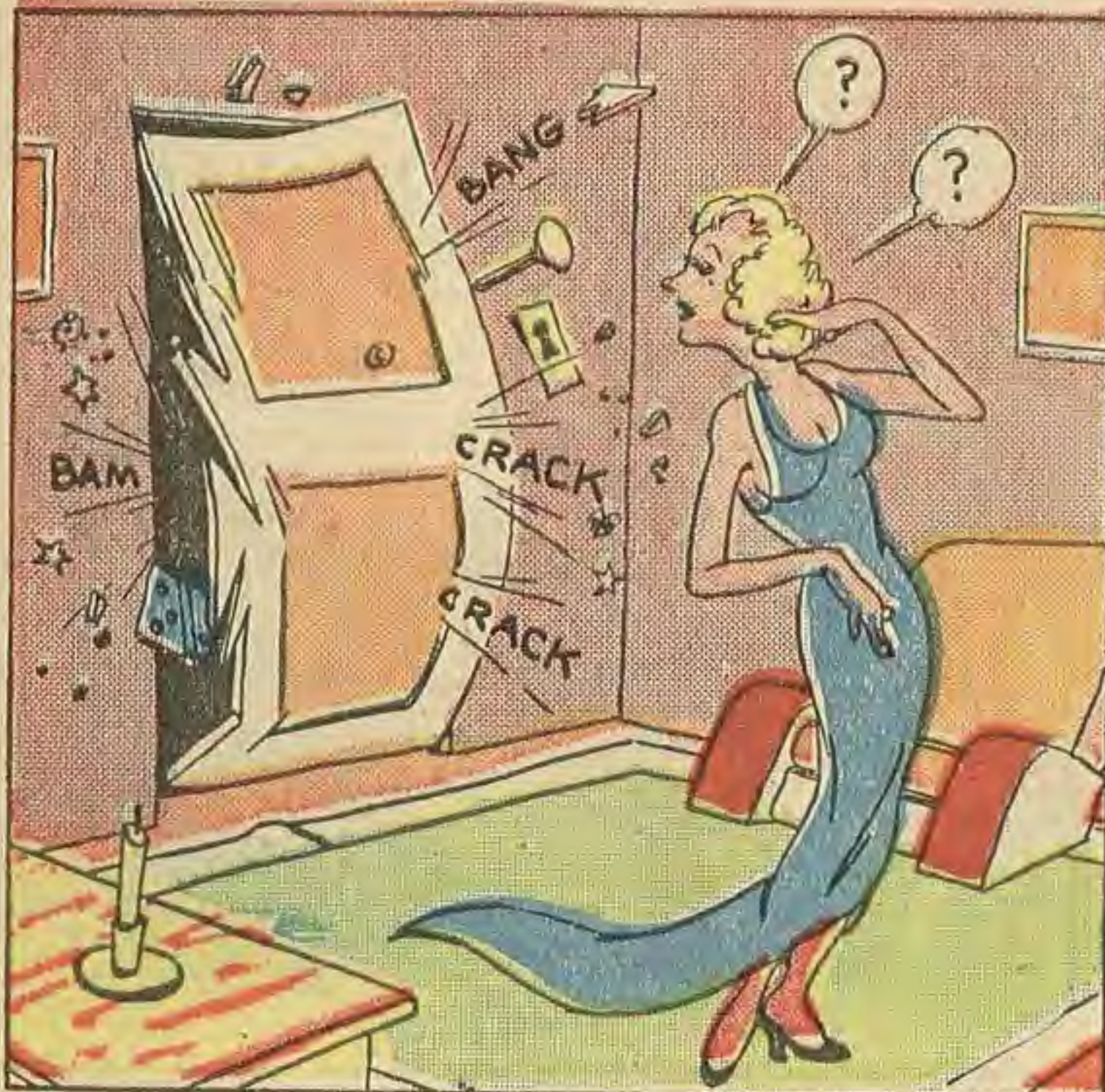








# Joe McGEE

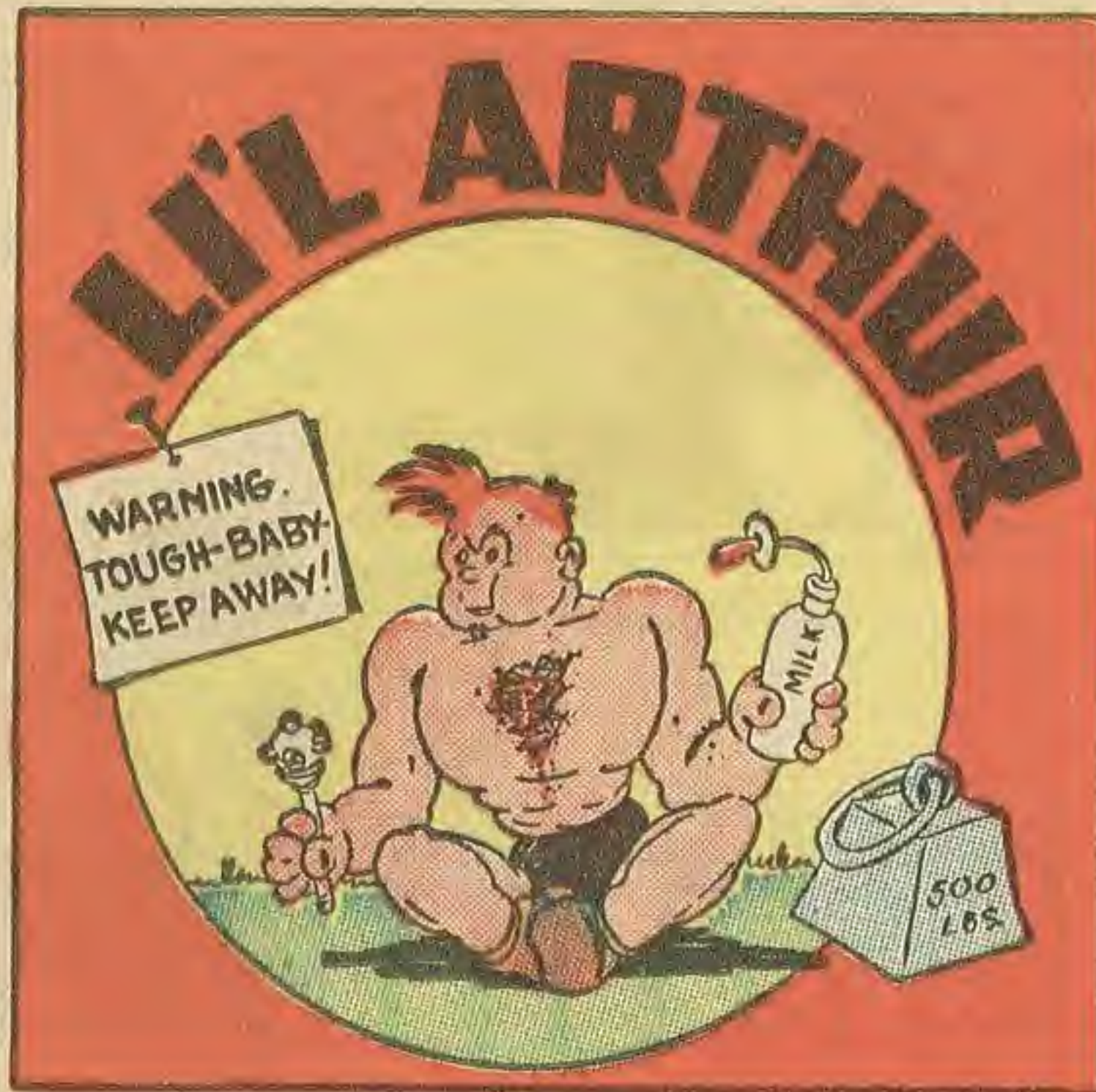




# THE COURT OF INHUMAN RELATIONS









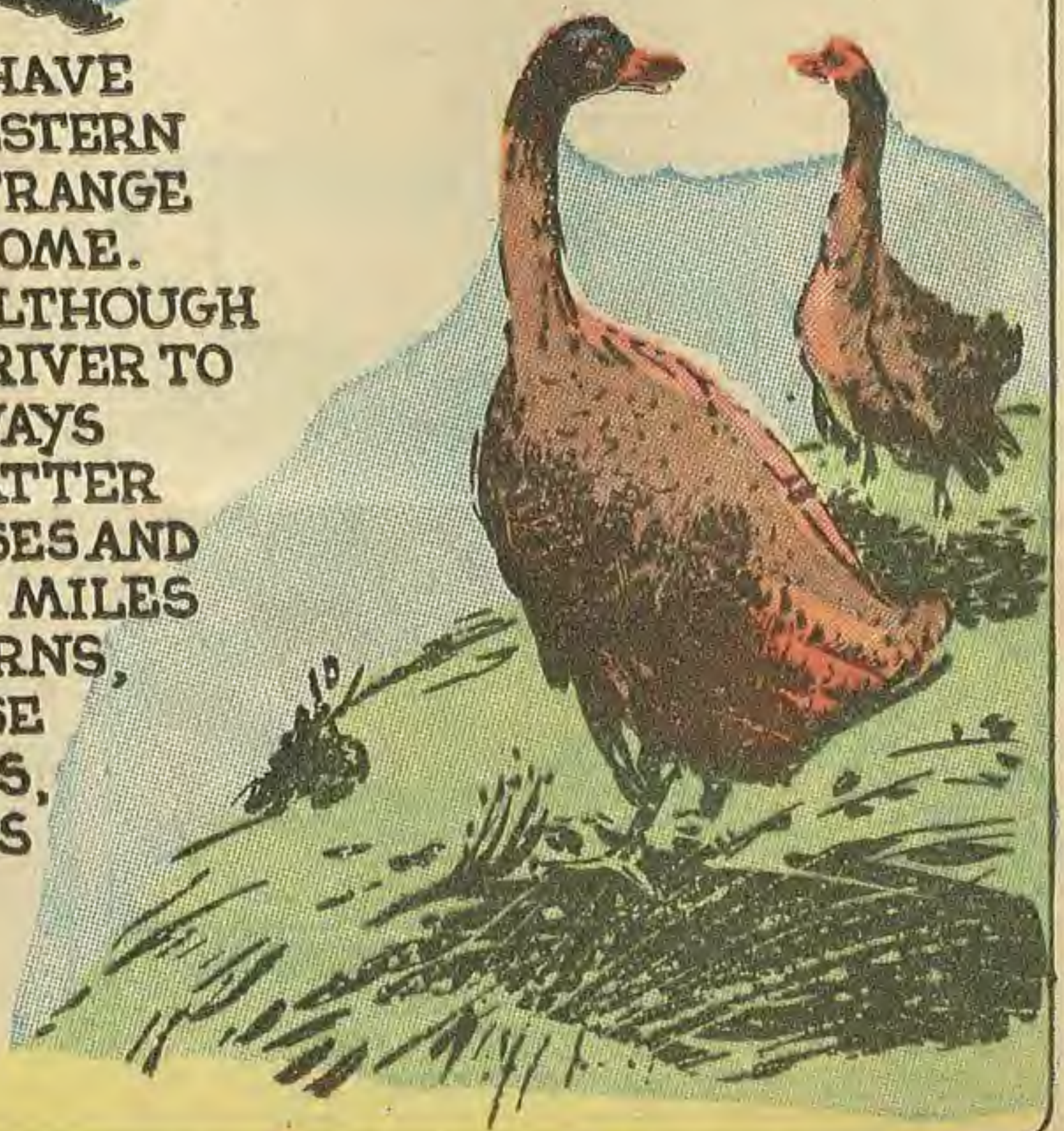
# HOMING *Instincts*



AS AN EXPERIMENT DURING THE WORLD WAR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT RELEASED A FLOCK OF PIGEONS FROM THE DECK OF A SUBMARINE CHASER 750 MILES OUT AT SEA. THE SUB-CHASER STARTED BACK FOR IT'S HOME PORT, NORFOLK, VA., WHICH WAS ALSO THE HOME OF THE PIGEONS. THE BIRDS ARRIVED THERE MANY HOURS BEFORE THE BOAT. THEY PROVED THEIR USEFULNESS MANY TIMES OVER DURING THE GREAT WAR.



THE DOG, CAT, HORSE, AND GEESE HAVE STRONG HOMING INSTINCTS. A WESTERN FARMER RELEASED HIS DOG IN STRANGE TERRITORY MANY MILES FROM HOME. THE DOG FOUND HIS WAY BACK, ALTHOUGH HE HAD TO SWIM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO REACH HIS GOAL. CATS WILL ALWAYS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES, NO MATTER HOW FAR THEY MAY STRAY. HORSES AND MULES WILL TRUDGE ALONG FOR MILES TO GET BACK TO THEIR OWN BARN, BE THEY EVER SO HUMBLE. GEESE WILL CROSS RIVERS AND CREEKS, CLIMB HILLS, SUFFER HARDSHIPS AND HUNGER TO GET BACK TO THEIR COOPS.





# POKEY

## FORGETS TO REMEMBER

SO, OUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED! COME ON - FOLLOW THE CROWD!



GOOD MORNIN' FOLKS!

FINE DAY FOR THE PARTY!



THERE'S A CHURCH IN JUNGLE TOWN, DOWN IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE. IT SEEMS THIS DAY THAT EVERYONE OF CONSEQUENCE WAS THERE.

AN' WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR BABY POKEY TO ARRIVE.

LET'S SING!



FOR IT WAS THE CHRISTENING DAY OF POKEY'S YOUNGEST SON. A PARTY HAD BEEN PROMISED FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE.

WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?



THE CONGREGATION WAITED FOR POKEY TO APPEAR. THE MINISTER, THE CHOIR BOYS, THE FOLKS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

HERE HE COMES!

WHAT A BABY—



POKEY STEPPED INTO THE CHURCH, DRESSED IN HIS SUNDAY BEST. PROUD TO HAVE HIS BABY NAMED, THREW OUT HIS MANLY CHEST.

I LEFT THE BABY HOME!

WHAT! NO PARTY!



BUT HE SPOILED IT ALL BECAUSE - (I'M NOT MEANING MAYBE) SPOILED IT ALL CAUSE HE FORGOT TO BRING ALONG THE BABY!





GIMME THAT KEY OR I'LL  
KNOCK YORE HEAD OFF!

I'M GOIN' TO HOLD  
YUH HERE UNTIL  
THE POSSE COMES!



YUH DANGED FOOL! GIMME  
THAT KEY OR I'LL KILL YUH!



WHAT THE DEVIL DID YUH  
DO WITH THAT KEY?



I CAN'T! THE KEY'S GONE!

OPEN UP! THIS  
IS THE POSSE!



GREAT WORK, SHORTY!  
CAPTURIN' THIS HOMBRE  
MEANS SHORE RE-  
ELECTION FOR YUH!

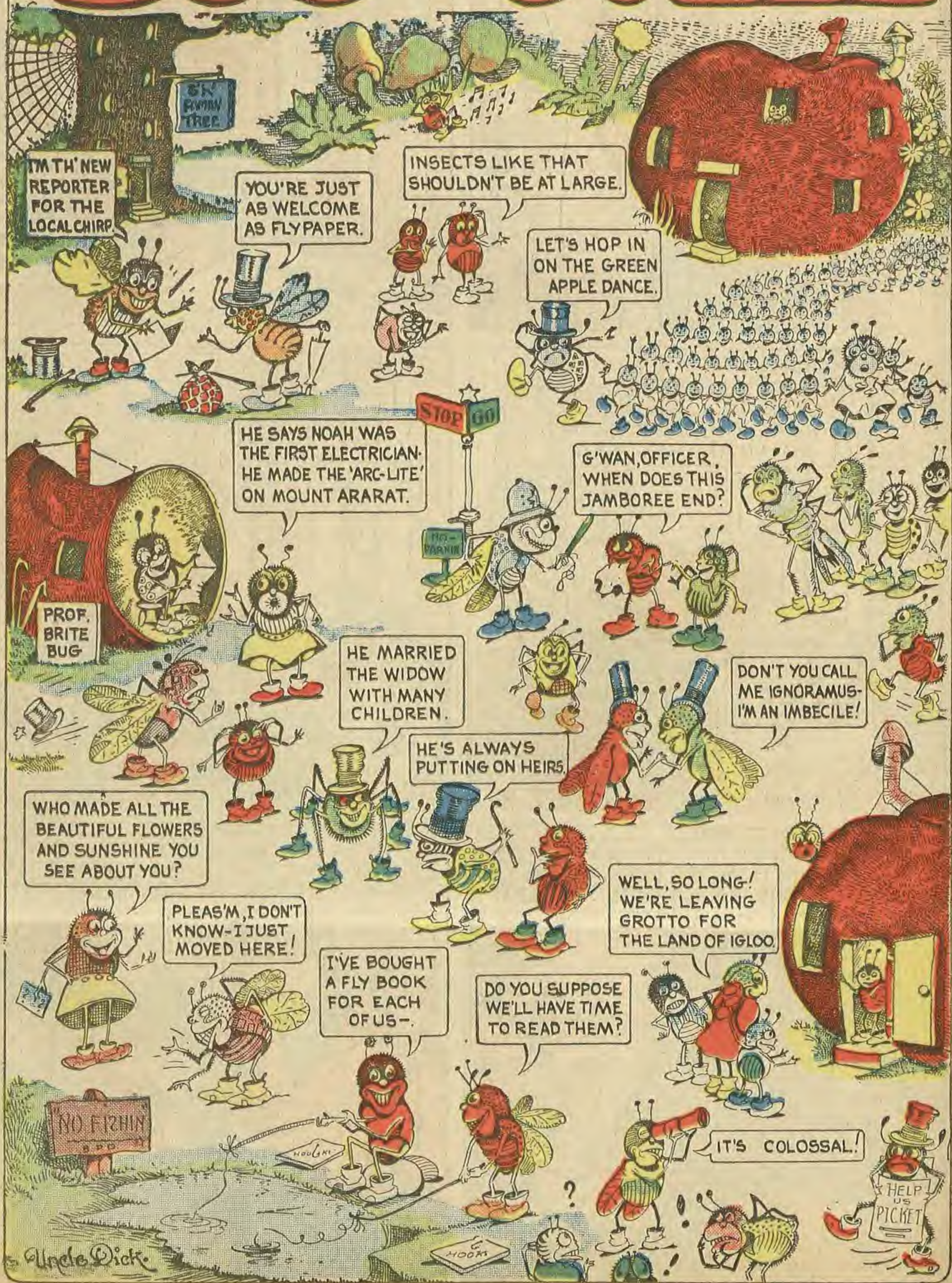
THAT DANGED KEY!  
WHAT'D YUH DO  
WITH IT, SHERIFF?



YUH HAD THE KEY IN YORE POCKET  
ALL THE TIME, STEVE. I PUT IT  
THERE WHEN WE WAS FIGHTIN'!



# BUG-VILLE





# America's **GREATEST** Comic Magazines

# 10¢

I AIN'T AFTER YER DOUGH, BUDDY-  
JES FORK OVER THOSE COPIES OF  
"*FUNNY PAGES*" AND "*FUNNY PICTURE  
STORIES*" MAGAZINES THAT YA  
GOT THERE !



## FUNNY PAGES

## FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

*On Sale The First  
Wednesday Every Month*



# GREATEST BARGAIN

## IN TEN YEARS

Remington  
**NOISELESS**  
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**NOW 10¢ A DAY!**



**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**  
**10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER**

**10-DAY FREE TRIAL.** Now for the first time in history you can own a real Remington NOISELESS Portable for only 10¢ a day or \$3 a month. Think of it! The finest Remington Portable ever built at the lowest terms we have ever offered. Every attachment needed for complete writing equipment—**PLUS THE FAMOUS NOISELESS FEATURE.** Brand new. Not rebuilt. Send coupon today.

**WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.** You don't risk a penny. We send this Remington Noiseless Portable direct from factory to you with **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** If you are not satisfied, send it back.

**FREE →**  
**TYPING COURSE**



With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely **FREE**—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

*Mail Now!*

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 207-1  
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus **FREE** typing course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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**SPECIFICATIONS.** Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7-clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller

type. Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. All the modern features plus **NOISELESS** operation.

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Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you **FREE** with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees,

in chairs, on trains. Don't delay... send in the coupon for complete details!